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THE

INFLUENCE

OF

GENIUS,

A Poem.

BY

JAMES BRYDGES WILLYAMS.

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TO

JOHN HOULTON, ESQ.

This Poem

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BY

HIS FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

REGISTERED

THE

Influence of Genius.

PART FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

Man's Propensity to Indolence—In return for the Bounties of Providence, required to exert the Faculties with which he is endowed—Unequal Distribution of mental Ability—Genius the Gift of Nature, but the Boon useless if the Powers of the Mind be not incited to Action—Invocation to Enthusiasm—To that Emotion which is raised by the Beauties of Nature, the Fine Arts, and Philosophy—Subject developed—Instances of sanguine and happy Temper—First Signs of mental Faculty not sufficiently regarded—The Progress of Mind, slow. Further Instances of enthusiastic Character—Susceptibility of the Beauties of natural Scenes and Objects—Buoyancy of Spirit—In Childhood the Sense of Beauty imperfect—Tales of Knights, Fairies, &c.—Early Proofs of an ardent Imagination—Influence of Genius in its Infancy—Presages of Taste.

THE

Influence of Genius.

PART FIRST.

I.

" Alas! how many in this mortal scene,
" By Indolence allur'd, life's good forego!
" How many o'er life's ill dejected lean,
" And weep and droop in unavailing woe!
" How few that ever-ardent spirit know,
" Which toil can brave, or baffle subtile Care,
" Can dauntless meet Misfortune's heavy blow,
" Can each rude shock of disappointment bear,
" And bid, unbroken still, defiance to Despair!

II.

" Let Care, Mischance, and Disappointment spread
" Around my furrow'd brow their threefold gloom;
" Tho' wilder'd oft, still patient will I tread
" The path that leads unerring to the tomb—
" For still shall Fancy in her fairest bloom
" Each visionary scene and form attire;
" And when old Time this vital torch consume,
" Shall Hope breathe gently on its parting fire,
" And wake a brighter gleam, ere the last spark expire.

III.

" There are, for ever brooding, and austere,
" Who would not brook the voice of guileless Mirth,
" Nor mortal man with hope immortal cheer,
" Who seeks not heav'n thro' misery on earth—
" There are, who Joy would strangle in its birth;
" But Nature, Truth, and Reason all maintain,
" These are not sons of Wisdom, nor of Worth,
" But gloomy bigots of perverted brain,
" Who deem all pleasure vice, and make all virtue pain.

IV.

" Thou, Great Supreme! when in the void of night
" This star first rose, when o'er its wat'ry wild
" Thy Spirit mov'd, and, ray'd with sudden light,
" Another world in form and beauty smil'd;
" Was the wide wave controll'd, the mountain pil'd,
" The breeze breath'd sweet, the valley clad
" In charms bewitching, but to mock thy child?
" Ah! no; thy laws of Nature never bade,
" Amid Creation's smile, that Man alone be sad.

V.

" Ah! no; for Man was this fair orb design'd,
" And o'er its surface all thy bounties strew'd;
" Yet not for him whose weak or selfish mind
" The ends by Thee appointed would elude:
" Man was with active faculties endued,
" And wisely taught their twofold use to feel,
" That, whilst his good peculiar he pursued,
" To others he a portion might reveal,
" And perfect thus the scheme of universal weal.

VI.

" Then, favour'd being, labour to fulfil
" The first best purpose of thy sojourn here;
" Exert thy talent, and thro' toil or ill
" Thy course with unabated ardour steer:
" Then, happy mortal, in whatever sphere
" The hand that form'd has fated thee to move,
" View good in all—let Virtue ever cheer—
" To Vice and Woe resist, and thou shalt prove
" That there 's a heav'n below, which leads to that above."

VII.

So sang the rapt Enthusiast, he whose eye,
Tho' oft by sorrow dimm'd, still beam'd with joy—
Whose heart with expectation still beat high,
Tho' pain with pleasure there had mix'd alloy;
Whose spirit Discontent could ne'er decoy,
Rashly at Chance to rail—whose devious way
Vexation cross'd awhile but to annoy;
For, if o'ercast by clouds the promis'd ray,
Still onward would he press, nor doubt a brighter day.

VIII.

And such wert thou, of whom in fervent strain—
Blest be thy shade! the Bard shall fondly sing;
And should his daring hand essay in vain
To strike with tuneful art the trembling string,
Should he adventure, on Icarian wing,
The sun of Genius vainly to explore,
This consolation e'en defeat shall bring,
That he has fall'n, with *thee* intent to soar
Where haply other Bard had never soar'd before.

IX.

Yet ere thy impulse, Friendship! he obey,
Say, Nature, why with such unequal fire
Dost thou thy models of the self-same clay
Inanimate? why brutal, in the mire
Does this form grovel?—why does this aspire
Godlike beyond its earth?—why this form driven
Thy mental Eden—while to this, the lyre,
With all the spell of harmony, is given,
To lull each grosser sense, and lift the soul to heaven?

X.

Ah, Nature! not for Man must thou withdraw
The mystic veil which hides thy wise design—
Enough for him to learn thy sacred law—
Enough to know the gift of Genius thine:
But vain the boon, if in the soul supine
The unexcited powers inglorious rest;
But vain the boon, if yet no breath divine
Shall fan the flame that glimmers in the breast,
By fear ignobly damp'd—by indolence oppress'd.

XI.

Spirit of lofty zeal and fancy warm!
To thee the mystic pow'r does Heav'n impart,
Man's sluggish intellect to wake, and charm
To noblest energy his languid heart;
For oft in its recesses, wizard Art,
Or giant Sloth, the better feelings chain,
Till thou their fetters loosen—then they dart
Thro' ev'ry thrilling fibre of the brain,
And joy, and bliss refin'd, o'er all the senses reign.

XII.

'T is thine, with sacred and celestial heat,
To thought sublime the sage devout to raise,
Whether, lone musing in his lov'd retreat,
He seek to trace of moral lore the maze;
Or wander wond'ring forth when earth displays
The changeful beauties of the various mould,
When ocean brightens in the borrow'd blaze
Of day, or night's deep shades the heav'ns unfold,
Where, rang'd thro' boundless space, beam living worlds untold!

XIII.

'T is thou canst teach the uncorrupted Bard
To spurn the choice of Epicurus' board;
Nor think his pittance scant, his fortune hard,
Whilst he may cull from Nature's choicer hoard;
Whilst he, whate'er her rich domains afford,
Fondly may deem his own; or proudly borne
To Fancy's realms, where bards have ever soar'd,
'T is thou canst bid him, tho' by watching worn,
Look down on bloated Ease and pity senseless Scorn.

XIV.

By thee inspir'd, what numbers from the Nine—
What strains from Eloquence and Wisdom flow!
What witching sounds of harmony divine
Now loudly peal, now murmur sweetly low!
What models from the breathing marble grow!
What splendid fabrics lift their lofty form!
What scenes upon the living canvass glow,
Lash'd to the mast, while Vernet mocks the storm,
And paints its wildest rage in tints sublimely warm!

XV.

By thee unmov'd, had Man aspir'd in vain,
Where Genius soars, and keen-ey'd Science pries;
By thee unled, ne'er brav'd the trackless main,
Borne by the storm to where new worlds arise—
Nor, more adventurous still, had rang'd the skies:
By thee unwarm'd, the Muse had ceas'd to glow,
And all her votive train to idolize—
Heav'n's Poet ne'er had bid his numbers flow,
Nor Nature's favourite Bard immortal been below.

XVI.

Yet foul-mouth'd Slander, on thy injur'd fame
Breathing her noisome and envenom'd taint,
Too oft has charg'd thee with fanatic flame—
Too oft, alas! has Inspiration feint
Thy name usurp'd—and Simulation saint,
And blindfold Zeal with pious rage insane,
And Bigotry perverse and virulent,
With Superstition, Faith's accursed bane,
Have dar'd Religion's cause and thee alike profane.

XVII.

But far, my Muse, be the discordant theme
Of zealot Pride and Persecution's ire;
Wake thou no other warmth than may beseem
The love of nature and the tuneful lyre,
The mimic pencil, and thy sacred fire;
Than such as Virtue, Truth, and Taste alone,
And objects beauteous and sublime inspire;
Such as to philosophic soul are known,
And thou, Enthusiasm, and heav'n-born Genius own!

XVIII.

Come then, and fondly claim your favour'd child,
In whom e'en now a kindling fervour glows;
On whom, tho' few fleet summers yet have smil'd,
O see what early beauties they disclose!
Not such as match the lily and the rose,
And give fresh lustre to the beaming face,
Not beauties which the speaking form bestows,
Unequall'd symmetry, unrivall'd grace—
Not such perfections these as fain the Bard would trace.

XIX.

Yet well may these delight the wond'ring eye,
Well may the heart in sweet enchantment bind,
But soon, like dazzling meteors, shall they fly,
And leave no traces of their light behind.
I sing the budding beauties of the mind—
Those shoots, in which betime we may descry
The future bloom—those germs in which we find
How sweet the mental flow'r shall blow:—ah! why
Do these unnurtur'd droop—uncultivated die?

XX.

Thine, long-neglected orphan, (such the wight,
Whose mental blossoms would the Muse portray;)
Thine, Albert! unregarded, to the blight
Of chill unkindness were expos'd; for aye
Thy infant sallies, and thy childish play,
Meant but a smile from Rigour to entice,
And the mere frolic of thy boyish day,
Were deem'd impatience, humour, folly, vice;
And guiltless hast thou paid full oft of guilt the price.

XXI.

It was, in truth, thy fortune to possess
A mind of happiest frame; for never there
Could froward Spite maintain its hold, far less
The sad or sullen fiend vindictive wear;
Yet never hadst thou known a parent's care,
But, to the guardian's faithless charge consign'd,
Or harshness, or neglect, wert doom'd to bear,
Now rudely check'd, now rambling unconfin'd,
Wild o'er thy native rocks, as sweeps the ocean wind.

XXII.

And 'mid those rocks, and thro' their savage gloom,
Does Nature in sublimest form appear;
And there, fair type of Albert's hardy bloom,
By storms unwither'd, does the myrtle rear
Its verdant wreath, and deck the wintry year;
There still the mansion stands, thro' ages past,
Where dealt his ancient race their noble cheer;
By spreading groves once shelter'd from the blast,
But now a mould'ring pile amid a lonesome waste.

XXIII.

There did the sire, too prodigal! his child,
Like a wild flow'r, amid the ruin leave,
The prime of his fair heritage despoil'd,
Yet o'er its wreck not doom'd forlorn to grieve;
For e'en tho' Fortune of that wreck bereave,
At her poor malice say shall *he* repine,
To whom such gifts has Nature deign'd to give,
As none but blind to reason would resign
For all the boasted good that wealth and birth combine?

XXIV.

Yet stay, my Muse, thy errant course, to mark
When first the mind's faint dawn breaks thro' the night
Of dormant reason, when the latent spark
Of mental spirit quickens into light;
Stay ere the young wing tempt a loftier flight,
To lead it flutt'ring o'er the plain below;
Stay ere thy ardent strain shall tell how bright,
How warm the intellectual flame may glow,
Some early-beaming hope of that bright flame to show.

XXV.

Thine, Albert, kindled, soon perchance as thought
Found its first utterance from thy infant tongue,
When thy rapt gaze the glowing picture caught,
And on its tints thine eye enchanting hung;
When with rich harmony the wild harp rung,
Or sigh'd in notes Æolian to the wind,
Or haply when some humble minstrel strung
A touching melody of simpler kind,
And with the charm of song his plaintive lay combin'd.

XXVI.

But on thine ardour no fond parent smil'd,
Seeking each impulse of the thought to scan,
Nor watch'd with fond prophetic eye the child,
To trace in each fine trait the future man.
Albert! when first thy orphan course began,
Full many a proof of pure and gen'rous blood
Thro' thy transparent veins unvalued ran,
Full many a sign of intellectual good
Or shed its light unseen, or seen not understood.

XXVII.

Not that, as fables feign, such promise thine—
The forward imp shall Genius aye disclaim,
And of its fire the Muse shall thee assign
Such hope alone as Nature's child became;
Such as might yield a heart of happiest flame,
When Joy or Grief in strain impassion'd spoke,
When Pity wept, or Wonder thrill'd the frame;
When gen'rous Rage against Injustice broke,
Or when the gentle act thy grateful warmth awoke:

XXVIII.

Awoke for him, who from his rustic toil,
Thy kind, tho' humble friend, oft stole to bring
Some hoarded sweet of Autumn's fruitful spoil,
Or early flowret of returning Spring;
For him who bent the bow, or plied the swing,
Or sought the beech, and brook-imbedded vale,
To cull the polish'd pebble for the sling,
Or scoop'd the tiny skiff, and breath'd the gale
Which o'er the rippled pool impell'd her paper sail:

XXIX.

Or, when intent to rise on bolder wing,
Help'd thee the little palfrey to bestride;
Lur'd thee aloft to climb, or bravely spring,
Borne on elastic pole o'er ditches wide;
Taught thee supine to float, or stem the tide,
To mark the brood, and bear the feather'd spoil,
Or, pacing gently, thy quick step beside,
With legend tale or ditty sought the while
To charm thy wond'ring ear, and win thy ready smile.

XXX.

Days of ingenuous childhood! when unknown
To selfish Pride, or Apathy's dull sway,
All that it felt the heart would truly own,
And to emotion wild and warm give way.
Such his in truth, who now inspires my lay;
Yet, true to candour, shall the Muse confess,
Full oft the force of Nature might betray
That heart to childish folly, and excess,
Tho' never was o'erwhelm'd its wonted gentleness.

XXXI.

For still, tho' reckless of the coming night,
O'er wild'ring heath, or thro' the forest shade,
Truant he wander'd, or, to win the height
Of some proud cliff, with doubtful grasp essay'd,
No feather'd songster of the grove or glade,
No wave-wash'd tenant of the rocky shore,
E'er mourn'd the step that 'mid their lone haunts stray'd,
E'er wail'd the foot adventurous to explore,
That to their wild abodes thro' toil and peril bore.

XXXII.

Alas! can cruel act have charms to lure
A heart that bows to Nature's laws alone?
Can that just law a deed, a thought endure,
Which Pity's gentle bosom would disown?
Wherefore, to harm thus ignorantly prone,
Glistens with keen delight the infant eye?
Ah! why does Heav'n, ere Wisdom's voice be known,
Some secret impulse to the heart deny,
That may the force repel of instinct cruelty?

XXXIII.

Why, favour'd man, but plainly to impart
The bounty that exclusive flows for thee;
To show thy pride and folly what thou art,
And teach thy reason what thou yet mayst be?
Dost thou not hence more glad, more grateful see
The mind's unrivall'd worth? more blest appraise
The gift of that transcendent faculty
Which from the brute can thy condition raise,
And truth and heav'n reveal to thy enraptur'd gaze?

XXXIV.

But gradual is the dawn, and the advance,
Of mental day,—and to its height sublime,
Slow as the sun ascends thro' heav'n's expanse,
Is Man's aspiring genius doom'd to climb.
Mind is in infancy as twilight time;
In childhood, as the morn, when forms appear
Wrapt in deceptive mists; in youthful prime,
As noontide dazzling bright; in riper year,
As Eve's attemper'd glow, when all is calm and clear.

XXXV.

Progressive thus thro' each peculiar stage,
The morn, and noon, and eve of intellect,
In childhood, youth, and man's maturer age,
With airy shapes and images bedeck'd;
And pictur'd each as Fancy may direct,
In colours false or true; but Reason's rule
Forbids from Sense untutor'd to expect
Those just conceptions, which Reflection cool,
Of Truth and Beauty wins, from lore of Wisdom's school.

XXXVI.

Of School!—ah me! at that unwelcome name
How sad a train of fancied evils start!
To Albert when the fated mandate came,
What pangs of smother'd sorrow swell'd his heart!
O see, the urchin, doom'd from home to part,
Leans o'er his little Eden in despair,
Bewails his fruitless toil, his useless art,
Or seeks the bow'r thick sown with flowrets fair,
To hide the starting tear, and sigh unheeded there!

XXXVII.

How each lov'd object of the ling'ring scene
Pass'd in succession melancholy by!
The grassy plot, and slope, and meadow green,
The long deep vale, and rock projecting high—
The brook beneath, thro' which the troutlet shy
Shot swiftly on, and baffled all his skill;
The broader shallow, whence the minnow fry
To crystal vase he doom'd—the channell'd rill,
Turn'd from the deeper stream, his turf-fenc'd pond to fill:

XXXVIII.

The grove, where erst he gamboll'd in the shade—
The shed, where oft he shelter'd from the rain—
The busy farm-yard, where at noon he stray'd,
And scatter'd to the feather'd group the grain—
The full-fledg'd linnet, whose melodious strain
Repaid his early care—the bounding fawn,
That now will seek the hand which fed, in vain;
And the fond dog, that still, at early dawn,
To catch his well-known call, will listen on the lawn.

XXXIX.

Objects like these, at parting doubly dear,
The lorn Enthusiast sore with woe oppress'd;
But oft thro' weeping clouds the ray shoots clear,
And thus in grief his spirit shone confess'd;
And soon, to lull each painful thought to rest,
A thousand schemes of future course he scann'd,
A thousand forms in garb amusive dress'd,
A thousand projects, rich in pleasure, plann'd—
By Fancy kindled all, by Hope inspiring fann'd.

XL.

Thus would the Wight his drooping spirit cheer,
The trials of the little world to bear;
Trials, to dull and selfish soul severe;
A world to such, of sorrow and of care:
Not so to him, who finds for ever there
Some fair incentive to his active mind,
Some artless friend, his joy or grief to share,
Haply in riper year by Heav'n design'd
Friendship's romantic bond with firmer knot to bind.

XLI.

Not so to Him who, emulous of praise,
Pants to excel in ev'ry boyish feat;
Who strives from rival imps to bear the bays,
Whether he skim the course in contest fleet,
Or on the topmost branch exalt his seat,
Or seek thro' parting floods the pebbled floor,
Or haste, incited by a nobler heat,
At gloomy eve, or matin chill, to pore
O'er learned page, and gain the meed of classic lore.

XLII.

Blush not the Muse:—in vain does classic Lore
For taste yet unrefin'd her worth unfold;
In vain her lay for early Genius pour,
When random Fancy wanders uncontroll'd,
And wild Extravagance and Fiction hold
Of Justness and of Harmony the place:
In childhood ever thus the mental mould,
Till Truth shall objects of false glare efface,
And purer forms imprint of dignity and grace.

XLIII.

Blush not the Muse:—in vain does classic Lore
To Albert's wand'ring thought display her charms:
Releas'd awhile to range his native shore,
More 'witching theme his truant fancy warms;
The captive damsel now his soul alarms,
And rescuing knights rush on in breathless speed;
Great Gui of Warwick for the battle arms,
St. George of England mounts his fiery steed,
And dragons, giants, fiends, and fell enchanters bleed.

XLIV.

Rous'd by the fancied blast of herald's horn,
With high-plum'd casque, and corslet richly steel'd,
All glitt'ring in the golden ray of morn
The visionary champion seeks the field—
And now, enamour'd, lifts his ready shield
O'er suppliant Beauty, weeping sad, and pale;
And now, in wilder trance, prepares to wield
His sword of magic temper, and assail
The monster whose hard heart o'er virtue would prevail.

XLV.

Mock not, ye beings of maturer year,
Deeds which by Fancy warm'd a child could do;
Your fam'd exploits as childish oft appear—
Ah! would to Heav'n they were as harmless too!
For then would man no mad ambition rue,
Nor frantic War his bloody trophies rear;
To Folly then the smile alone were due,
While now, alas! she claims the bitter tear,
Unmov'd by Sorrow's plaint, or Reason's frown severe.

XLVI.

Yon broken stile, that to his pregnant brain
Presents the drawbridge which the moat bestrides,
E'en now the doughty imp has gain'd—in vain
The' opponent bramble, with its bristly sides,
Has cross'd his passage; for awhile he chides
The guile and baseness of the' enchanter foe;
From his just rage in vain the villain hides,
His guarding fiends have felt the vengeful blow,
And giant thistles bleed—and monster weeds lie low!

XLVII.

The wicked spell dissolves! but, ah, sad Knight!
Short is thy happy vision of renown;
No rescu'd virgin will thy deeds requite—
No myrtle chaplets will thy temples crown:
The charm has pass'd—for yon insensate clown
Has dar'd upon thy sacred haunt intrude,
And heedless thrown thy fairy fabric down,
Thy airy trophies to the winds are strew'd,
And chas'd is all the dream of thy romantic mood!

XLVIII.

Mischance be his!—but on the lowly hind
To waste her anger let the Muse refrain;
Nor less to her just scorn be those consign'd,
(By gen'rous zeal unwarm'd, a Cynic train,)
Who view each flight romantic with disdain,
Who, wise in worldly lore alone, deride
Save what the narrow bounds of self contain:—
Poor sons of Prejudice and sordid Pride!
What bliss of soul refin'd has Heav'n to you denied!

XLIX.

But he, with Fancy who exalts his flight,
Not long the cloud of disappointment knows,
And when the fleeting vapour flies his sight,
In fairer tints the op'ning landscape glows:
Thus, when the storm departs, the budding rose
Yields to the bee a sweeter, fresher grace;
Thus, when the heavy hour of trouble goes,
Hope brighter, happier beams, and every trace
Of sore vexation past, successive joys efface.

L.

And thus with Albert, who in vengeful mood,
Or fruitless sorrow, but an instant frets,
Who, yet unus'd in sullen fit to brood,
Fires—frowns—forgives, and with a smile forgets:
Onward he hastes again, as hopeful sets
The mariner his sail, new tracts to find,
As mariner who but awhile regrets
The cloud-created shore, then to the wind
The' illusive phantom leaves, nor casts a look behind.

LI.

O heart of happy frame, on which unharm'd
Life's lessen'd evils ever lightly glance;
To which, by Nature, Hope, and Fancy warm'd,
Whatever can this mortal lot enhance,
Yields tenfold joy—O blest inheritance
Of heav'n-born Genius! that, with view sublime,
Still unsubmitting combats with Mischance,
And presses on, the envied steep to climb,
Unaw'd by pride or power, uncheck'd by change or time.

LII.

But, lo! what new-born whim the urchin's brain
Delighted broods? for now, with gesture wild,
Forward he lightly urges, now again
Stops sudden: wherefore strays the giddy child,
As if some meteor false his steps beguil'd?
Wherefore with outstretch'd arms intently dwell
On empty space, and chide, in accents mild,
The' unconscious air? ah! now I ken full well,
Fancy! again he yields to thy resistless spell!

LIII.

Bewitching Fancy! whose effulgent wings
Waft thro' the ambient air their magic hues,
That o'er the dull reality of things,
Illusions ever new and bright diffuse:—
Enchanting Fancy! who the willing Muse
Dost tempt thro' realms yet unexplor'd to stray;
And whilst the Bard with fondest hope pursues,
(To each devoting his enamour'd lay,)
Leadest thro' Fairy-land his wild adventurous way.

LIV.

Behold yon cavern on the misty strand,
From whence the fretful wave, with sullen roar,
Retires reluctant o'er the yellow sand,
Its white foam scatt'ring on the craggy shore—
That cavern, dread to view, contains a store
Of Nature's wonders exquisitely wrought,
Of such as Neptune erst enamour'd bore,
To decorate a favour'd Nereid's grot—
'T is now, as beldames tell, of elves the haunted spot.

LV.

Thither would Albert stray, when from the main
The drooping sun withdrew his ling'ring rays,
And muse till Cynthia rose upon the strain
Which told the frolic feats of Fairy days.
There once so dwelt he on the witching lays,
That Fancy seem'd to realize the scene;
For thence as o'er the deep he turn'd to gaze,
The wave with airy forms appear'd to teem,
And sweetest sounds were heard, as in enchanted dream.

LVI.

In truth, were never yet to mortal ken
More wondrous sights by Fantasie supplied,
Nor haply will o'er mortal ear again
Notes of more melting modulation glide:
'T was e'en as if the boist'rous ocean tide
Had felt of soothing Harmony the spell;
For, as the strain in sweep Æolian sigh'd,
The soften'd surges with the cadence fell,
Or, with the fitful breeze, rose to the growing swell!

LVII.

Anon a distant shout, as from the deep,
Faintly was heard to mingle with the strain;
And now a living vessel seems to sweep
With animated sail across the main;
Her holds of little sprites a host contain,
And on her polish'd deck are seen to stand
Of Minstrels, and of guards, an elfin train;
Titania's heralds, and her dulcet band,
By Nautilus, I ween, wafted from Fairy-land.

LVIII.

Lo! as the bark the gentle billows lave,
Awhile her crew turn silent to the scene,
Where, on the bosom of the furthest wave,
Emerging Luna pours her silver sheen:
Ah! see, as they approach, the deep serene
Gleams with a new and gradual splendour bright—
The rival splendour of the Fairy queen!
Herself like star of eve, and each fair spright,
In dewy gems bedeck'd, dimming the moon-beams light!

LIX.

Again the little Minstrels strike the lyre,
And distant echoes waken at the sound,
Mermaids and Syrens join the vocal choir,
And playful float the fairy bark around!
Again the breezes blow, the caves resound
With louder, livelier note; the sail unbends,
And on the beach the vessel strikes aground—
The marshall'd host debark—the Queen descends—
She waves her wand—she speaks—the list'ning train attends.

LX.

" Spirits of Eve ! to enterprising Man
" Let guardian Gnomes with friendly aid repair ;
" Let gentle Sylphs with wing ambrosial fan,
" And sportive Zephyrs flit around the fair :
" Æthereal Elves ! be your peculiar care,
" The infant tribe to watch, and shield from harm,
" Their guileless joy and guiltless grief to share,
" Their flexile hearts with love of truth to charm,
" And all their wayward whims and froward thoughts disarm.

LXI.

" Soft on the' unclouded brow your poppies shed;
" But when 't is still, and dim the taper's light,
" Perch on the pouting lip and eyelid red,
" And as to slumber sinks the sullen wight,
" With sudden scream his sinking heart affright :
" But first with me to yonder cave advance,
" Where sleeps an urchin worthy of our care ;
" Around him lightly tread our fairy dance,
" And chant our fairy lay, to charm him in his trance."

LXII.

She ceas'd—some rapid wheel her pearly car,
Some thread to lively lute the magic ring,
Whilst others from the roof of glitt'ring spar
In pendent wreaths of living lustres swing.
Alas! too loud the vaulted caverns ring!
Too bright for Albert's eye their arches shine!
He wakes! away they waft on airy wing—
Again the waves' regressive margin line—
Now top the wat'ry mount—now in the vale decline.

LXIII.

To chase how vain! for, in the lunar beam,
He sees afar their forms pellucid play,
Now sudden brighten in the quick'ning gleam,
Now fade commingled with the languid ray.
At length, as gradual dies the melting lay,
Feebly illum'd they glide along, and leave
A few faint flushes on the liquid way,
Till in light weftage with the clouds they weave,
And their soft shadows blend with deeper shades of eve.

LXIV.

Such are the faithless phantoms, which e'en now
Thro' tangled brake, o'er torrent's rocky bed,
And trackless waste upon the mountain's brow,
To yon bleak crag precipitous have led
The rapt Enthusiast:—O more lightly tread
The weak and hollow footing, for beneath
Wide yawns the gulf, and pointed reefs are spread,
Wild sweeps the squall across the rustling heath,
And sudden the loose soil breaks from the verge of Death!

LXV.

" Fond imp! thine ardour, and thy bold ascent,
" The fading objects of thy fruitless chase,
" The sad vexation o'er thy features sprent,
" How true the picture which of life they trace!
" How like the projects of the sanguine race,
" Who, bent each rainbow fancy to attain,
" With eye misjudging, and with heedless pace,
" Press on—and, when the purpos'd spot they gain,
" Find the false vision fled, and all their labours vain!

LXVI.

" Then from thy fearful height, rash boy, descend,
" Lest o'er the giddy gulf thy senses fail;
" Hither thy way with wary footstep bend,
" And tread secure the lowly shelter'd dale.
" Here Quiet dwells, and balmy airs prevail,
" To sooth Ambition's rage with danger rife;
" And here thy little bark may smoothly sail
" Adown the gently flowing stream of life,
" From gusts of passion free, as from the storms of strife."

LXVII.

Thus sober Reason haply may declaim,
And fondly strive Youth's fervour to assuage;
But Youth, unheeding, still pursues his aim,
And spurns her caution with a gen'rous rage.
Vain are the golden maxims of the sage:
'T is by experience wisdom we acquire:
Then gaily let us pace Life's early stage,
Where Hope and Fancy lead, ere Genius tire,
And chilling Age o'ertake, to damp its noble fire.

LXVIII.

This lot be his, to whom the' impartial Muse
Yields the full measure to his merit due—
Be his, to whom no venal lays refuse
The ready censure to his failings too;
For oft where Fancy prompted to pursue,
With blind enthusiastic warmth he stray'd,
Nor could Reflection that wild warmth subdue;—
Still urg'd by Hope, each impulse he obey'd,
Nor ever dreamt, fond imp! her promis'd joy could fade.

LXIX.

Yet, may not faults like these indulgence claim
From him who views, with hopeful joy elate,
That happy presage, Genius, of thy flame?
That warmth, enthusiastic and innate,
Which Childhood's cares nor crosses could abate?
That ardour, kindled by the' attractive store
Which Fiction link'd with Nature could create?
For wonder-teeming Fiction charm'd no more,
Unless of chaster Truth some semblance still she wore.

LXX.

E'en such the wight, whose childish acts to trace,
Whose infant thoughts to picture I essay—
Such ends alone aspiring to embrace
As truly might those childish traits convey,
Some proof of Genius seeking to portray,
When objects by sensation newly brought,
First on the mind as on a mirror play—
When forms delusive win the tender thought,
By novelty's vain gloss and gaudy vision caught.

LXXI.

Yet such his mental frame, that never there
Could image monstrous and distorted dwell;
Form'd to attract the wondrous and the fair,
But all that outrag'd Nature to repel.
What more of Genius can the mind foretell?
The infant mind, where gentleness benign,
With buoyant spirit, and the gen'rous swell
Of emulation, blend—when thus combine
Wild and romantic zeal, and love of truth divine?

LXXII.

If traits like these be worthy of the lyre,
Then, Albert, thine may well its lay engage;
Nor can the Muse from Childhood more require,
Nor can the mind, whilst in its infant stage,
And prone to change and wonder, more presage
Of taste and judgment in maturer year—
Then pause, my Muse, with Childhood's happy age,
Till Fancy, Hope, and Zeal, with Youth appear,
Thro' tracts of wider range to lead his glad career.

THE

Influence of Genius.

PART SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

Excursion of Fancy—Pleasure arising from Projects of Imagination—Delight at beholding domestic Scenes after long Absence—Tho' in Youth the Sense of Beauty be confused, the Feelings which it awakens are strong and durable—Growing Perception of the Beautiful and Sublime in Nature—Fancy to be regulated by Judgment—Progressive Effects of Culture—Taste for gloomy Scenes and monstrous Objects, reprobated—Picture of Evening—The Pursuits of Genius enhanced by the Difficulty of Attainment—Peculiar Attraction of sublime Objects—Love—Ascendancy of Genius—The Arts—Painting—Music—Poetry—The Influence of Genius in surmounting all Impediment to their Cultivation.

THE

Influence of Genius.

PART SECOND.

I.

Lo! with the breeze impregnate swells the sail,
And wanton Zephyrs 'mid the cordage play,
And deeply murm'ring in the wat'ry vale,
The waves' wild music wakes the pilot's lay.
Come, then, who yield like me to Fancy's sway!
The bark impatient on the billow rides,
To yon bold coast to bear us swift away,
Where in the cloud the cliff's proud summit hides,
While sunbeams gild its base, and glitter o'er its sides.

II.

Hark! sweetly pealing from its height sublime,
E'en now transporting melodies resound,
And scenting far the clear elastic clime,
Fresh vernal gales and flowrets breathe around.
Ah! there with light, and life, and beauty crown'd,
With Genius, her immortal offspring, reigns
Enthusiasm; and on the world profound,
A glorious scene of ocean, Alps, and plains,
Looks down, and dwells, enrapt, o'er Nature's wide domains.

III.

But ere our bark approach that hallow'd place
Where waves the streamer, on the deck ascend,
And thence aloof the passing wonders trace
Which o'er the shore and azure main extend.
Lo! what unnumber'd trains incessant bend
Their eager course along the sinuous verge!
See, to the space where sky and ocean blend
Their doubtful bound, what fleets o'erspread the surge,
Till as in air they float, or from the clouds emerge!

IV.

Vast crowds of various class, which, from the wild
And savage world Columbus erst explor'd—
From Afric's wastes which once a garden smil'd,
Till peaceful Science fled the Vandal sword—
From Asia's fruitful soil, with jewels stor'd,
And from that happier clime, where largely heap
The liberal arts their universal hoard,
Vast crowds of various class, which onward sweep,
And spread, as o'er the strand the surges of the deep.

V.

These, and yet more, who would the Muse defy
To paint their feature, garb, and varied hue—
Some with rapt gaze, and joy-illumin'd eye,
Or look with science fraught, their course pursue;
Some with deep thought, proud step, and lofty view,
Or to the lyre or martial trump advance;
Some o'er the wave, the beach, or mountain dew,
Press ardent on the race—the course—the dance:
All—all with joy elate, and flush'd with esperance.

VI.

And now, their feet have gain'd the sacred mount,
Whose base lies compass'd with a waving wood,
Whence cooling streams gush forth from many a fount,
And gales exhilarating fan the blood,
Infusing life, and joy, and lustihood;
But pierce we with the throng the forest belt,
To know what Nature, in her kindest mood,
Within the woodland zone has lavish dealt,
To tell what sights are seen—what mystic charms are felt.

VII.

Here, thro' the foliage of the flow'ry glade,
As wanton Zephyrs waft the veil aside,
Are sweetest sounds of harmony convey'd,
Are fairest scenes and happiest forms espied—
Gay crowds in gilded barks are seen to glide
O'er mazy currents, glitt'ring thro' the grove;
Or, link'd in plighted pairs, at eventide,
Thro' myrtle glens and laurel alleys rove,
And breathe in rosy bow'rs enraptur'd vows of love.

VIII.

There, as the vista opens to the view,
Extending tracts of fenceless plain appear,
Where many a circling throng, and sportive crew,
With loud enliv'ning shouts salute the ear:
Sounds which the champions of the village cheer,
Who manly games and rustic revels keep;
Or playful notes of immaturer year,
Of those who thread the ring, or lead the leap,
Or headlong search the stream, or climb the dizzy steep.

IX.

See! where thro' parted rocks to yon deep glen,
Equipp'd for sylvan chase, a troop descend,
To rouse the spotted leopard from his den,
Or with the fierce and tusked boar contend;
And more remote, at early dawn, are kenn'd,
Swift as the wind across the valley borne,
A hunter train, who all the welkin rend
With tuneful din of voice, of hound, and horn,
Whilst Echo wakes the woods, and cheers the coming morn.

X.

But louder still, the spirit-stirring note
Which from the martial trumpet swells the gale,
Which calls to nobler deeds, where proudly float
Yon lofty banners o'er the lowland vale:
There bright in arms, and cas'd in studded mail,
And fir'd by Beauty's valour-kindling eye,
Advent'rous Knights in warlike tilts assail,
And honour, love, ambition, nobly vie
In gallant feats of arms and proofs of chivalry.

XI.

Yet such the' enchanted soil, nor din of arms,
Nor rustic sport, nor horn, nor savage roar,
Those haunts contiguous vex where Science charms,
Revealing to her sons her sevenfold lore;
Where Art industrious culls the varied store
Of herb and flower—or, dug from dreary mine,
The mineral proves—or ponders to explore
Mechanic pow'rs—where weave the sister Nine
Their wreaths, and heav'n-born Truth declaims with breath divine.

XII.

Lo! what a goodly range the eye beholds
Of woods, and walks, and groves of olive green!
And where a broader space the vale unfolds,
What forms are those, that wind their way between?
Beings of lofty look, tho' careless mien,
Their brows as if with wreaths of triumph crown'd—
And from each verdant avenue are seen
Admiring crowds that press with zeal around,
While bursts of loud applause, woods, walks, and groves resound!

XIII.

Say, are they laurell'd victors, who have won
Of senseless multitudes the mad acclaim?
Who for a little pageant pride have run
Their desolating course thro' blood and flame?
Ah no! true sons of Genius, they who aim
To charm alone the virtuous, and the sage,
To conquer bloodless in the lists of Fame,
To soothe with art each evil passion's rage,
And with enlighten'd lore the ills of life assuage.

XIV.

These, fairy region! but a part present
Of all the scenes thy midland tracts contain;
Nor less, in ruder garb magnificent,
Thy rampart coast impending o'er the main:
There rocks—and rocks beyond—a mountain chain.
Rich in metallic tints, the eye surveys,
While ocean's glassy flood reflects again,
With gentler flame, the mitigated rays
Which dazzle all the shore, from Sol's meridian blaze.

XV.

There, from the rock repell'd, the scatter'd waves
Wind down the channell'd steep in many a rill,
Or, oozing thro' the vaults of coral caves,
In countless drops of liquid gems distil;
And thence, as opes the bay, or sinks the hill,
Dim shores appear, and distant fleets display,
In nautic fight, the gallant seaman's skill,
Or beating fearless thro' the tempest fray,
To worlds yet unexplor'd career their vent'rous way.

XVI.

But hark!—what sudden notes of heavenly choir!
What mingling peals of instrumental swell!
Fair Fancy tunes the wild Æolian lyre,
And Hope and Genius strike the sounding shell:—
More sweet than these, or warbling Philomel,
Than melting cadence of melodious lute,
A voice divine is heard!—touch'd with the spell,
The wond'ring throng in rapt attention mute
Remain, while these glad words their ravish'd ears salute:

XVII.

"Welcome, ye beings of sublimer sphere!"
(Thus pours the mellow voice its liquid lay;)
"Welcome, whose ruling star, divinely clear,
"Has hither led and brighten'd all your way:
"To you whom Apathy nor Idless sway,
"Shall blooming Nature all her charms reveal;
"For you shall Hope each object fair array
"In Life's amusive walk; for you Life's weal
"Shall yield a double zest—the mystic zest of zeal.

XVIII.

" For what avail, if Taste forsake the cheer,
" The choicest dainties of the feast combin'd?
" Can sweetest song enchant the' impervious ear,
" Or Beauty's best proportion charm the blind?
" But not alone to sensual joy confin'd,
" Taste, fragrance, feeling, song, and form allure;
" Here matchless shine the treasures of the mind,
" The sage, the grand, the gen'rous, and the pure,
" Ambition to attain—and firmness to endure.

XIX.

" Here to the active frame, and ardent soul,
" Virtue and Toil their energies impart;
" And those who fondly hope to gain the goal,
" Must strive with vigour, as with fervour start:
" Here to the' enervate limb, and selfish heart,
" Nor Sloth nor Vice dispread their base decoy,
" But healthful Nature, and industrious Art,
" For ever emulous their powers employ,
" And urge this noble rule, Exert—excel—enjoy.

XX.

" Say, but to proud Perfection to advance,
" Why was an ardent soul and fancy given?
" Why, but Man's earthly pleasure to enhance,
" And, led by Virtue, light his path to heaven?
" Wrapt in the chill, ungenial shades of even,
" Fled is the bloom of groves, of vales, and plains!
" But, lo! the Sun bursts forth, and, darkness driven—
" The world awakes, Life renovated moves,
" Creation smiles again, Creation's God approves!

XXI.

" And thus the mind of Man by gloom o'ercast,
" Involv'd in steril sloth, and torpor cold,
" Lost is the grace of Genius, Wisdom, Taste,
" Till sudden glows the intellectual mould
" With flame enthusiastic:—then, behold!
" The mist of Ignorance and Languor flies,
" Heav'n breathes benign, the mental powers unfold,
" Truth's opening fruits, and Fancy's flowers arise,
" And yield more grateful sweets than those which scent the skies.

XXII.

" Too oft, perchance, prolific Fount of Light!
" Warm'd by thy beam, has thriv'n the baneful weed;
" Too oft, alas! the deadly aconite
" Has scatter'd o'er the soil its noxious seed;
" But soon the vale, the mountain, and the mead,
" From all foul tares of rank, fanatic kind,
" By fast-advancing culture shall be freed,
" And Superstition, rooted from the mind,
" No more be planted there, by bigots fierce and blind.

XXIII.

" Monsters like these, and all the worthless race
" Of Ignorance, of Apathy, and Guile,
" Whom numbers, grandeur, harmony, nor grace,
" Can ever charm, shall Wisdom hence exile:
" But ye, her votaries, whom the genial smile
" Of Nature, and her lovely scenes inspire,
" Come, freely range thro' this enchanted isle,
" And Zeal and Genius, with their hallow'd fire,
" Shall warm your hearts to love, to virtue, and the lyre.

XXIV.

"Come! favour'd sons of Nature and of Art!
"And learn from Reason, and from Truth, this lore:
"Life's good appraise—acquire—enjoy—impart:
"Its passing ill despise—its vice deplore—
"The God of Life, a God of Light adore,
"And not a Deity of wrath and gloom;
"And when your mortal being is no more,
"When all of earth shall wither in the tomb,
"Deathless in higher scenes your heav'n-born minds shall bloom."

XXV.

Thus ends the vocal strain; nor more the choir,
Nor mingling notes of melting lute entrance;
Like fleeting mists, the fairy forms retire,
And mock the vision with the void expanse.
All fled! for hitherward the steps advance
Of one whose youthful cheek, by beauty grac'd,
Glows, and gives lustre to his ardent glance;
Of one who seems as if, in anxious haste,
He sought those airy forms himself has rashly chas'd.

XXVI.

'T is Albert! he whose feats of infant age
Erewhile my lay adventur'd to recite;
Who now escap'd from academic cage,
Wings to his native wilds his joyous flight.
O day of full and unrestrain'd delight!
E'en now I love thy pleasures to renew;
E'en now recall, with rapture exquisite,
Thy first fair dawn, when, with the sportive crew
Homeward exulting loud, and light of heart, I flew.

XXVII.

Or, when full many a freak and frolic play'd,
The parting group their diverse course began,
What fairy pictures Fancy then portray'd,
As thro' her realms with riot joy I ran!
In rapid train revolving each wild plan—
Now for improvement—now for pleasure keen:
Big with importance of the future man—
The world unfolding, and myself, I ween,
No humble actor deem'd in life's eventful scene.

XXVIII.

Such airy fabrics, haply Albert rear'd;
Such dreams, perchance, his wand'ring fancy wrought;
But soon like mists of morn they disappear'd—
When in the dawn his eye delighted caught
The tow'ring cliff that mark'd his natal spot—
The opening vale—and, rising to the view,
The village spire—the brook—the bridge—the cot—
The straggling fence—the gate—the avenue—
And last, the well-known roof, remotely peering thro'.

XXIX.

Oft as he paus'd, how many a mingling note
Of rustic life his ear attentive charm'd!
E'en the harsh clamour of the peacock's throat,
Or shy Galina, with her brood alarm'd,
Or noisy rooks, that in rude tumult swarm'd,
Flush'd by his step. But, lo! the lawn he gains,
And, by the loud and cheering welcome warm'd,
Quick rushing on, no longer he restrains
The tide of homefelt joy his swelling heart contains.

XXX.

Thrice happy youth! who thus by partial Heaven
Art destin'd 'mid romantic scenes to dwell!
Ah! happier still, since to thy lot is given
Of such wild scenes to feel the magic spell:
Little can they the charm of nature tell,
Whom wealth allures, and worldly cares confound;
Whom luckless stars to courts and camps impel;
Whom Luxury subdues, or Sloth has bound,
Or riot Pleasure led to run her giddy round.

XXXI.

Would that the Bard, with sympathetic art,
Those feelings of refin'd delight could trace,
When first, Enthusiast! thy exulting heart
Glow'd with the love of Nature's rural grace:
Feelings that no vain pleasures could efface,
Tho' oft their spell thy fancy might decoy—
Emotions, that the rash and ardent chase
Of sports ungentle never could destroy:—
Of sports, whose risk had charm'd, but for their savage joy.

XXXII.

Yet, Nature, say—I take no note of you,
Children of Affectation's sickly breed,
Whose tears of sensibility bedew
The victims for your festive boards that bleed:
But, Nature! thou and heav'n-born Truth aread,
Does aught of crime the sylvan chase betray?
'Gainst thy unerring law does Pity plead?
Does preying Man thy dictates disobey?
Man—but himself a link in life's long chain of prey.

XXXIII.

Is it a crime the villain fox to kill,
Who reeks with slaughter of the feather'd brood?
To fell the songless bird, whose cruel bill
Can find in insect murder grateful food?
To shed in turn the' amphibious monster's blood,
Who stains the tide with gore of mangled fry?
Or snare the scaly rovers of the flood,
Who in their wat'ry haunts insidious lie,
And merciless devour the streamlet's fairy fly?

XXXIV.

Feel these from mortal arm severer pang,
Than from the throb of Nature's parting breath?
Or anguish keen, as when the cruel fang
Inflicts the lengthen'd agony of death?
But if by Fate supreme, to Man beneath,
For sport, or food, is each brute creature given,
That haunts the flood, the forest, or the heath,
O far let wanton Cruelty be driven:—
If mercy Man deny, what hope has he from Heaven?

XXXV.

Abhorr'd the hand, that, with relentless steel,
Shall pierce, ere sense be fled, the quiv'ring scale;
Shall bid the living bait in torture reel,
Or on the barb the writhing worm impale;
Nor ever he in lover's suit prevail,
Who, bent alone his puny skill to prove,
Shall scatter desolation thro' the dale,
Shall doom to death the minstrel of the grove,
And silence all the lay that woos to joy and love!

XXXVI.

Not from such deeds could Albert triumph feel:
The throb of flutt'ring victim never thrill'd
His heart with transport—but tho' Health and Zeal
Ne'er bore him joyful to the sportive field,
They knew a thousand higher charms to yield;
And soon as thro' the sylvan range he sped,
A growing sense of grace and grandeur fill'd
His soul with rapture and romantic dread;
And Mem'ry nurs'd the thoughts that busy Fancy bred.

XXXVII.

For, did he wend along the winding stream,
Still on the varied margin Fancy play'd,
And link'd the visions of her waking dream
With beauties that the living scene array'd—
Each flow'ry bank, and bord'ring lawn, and glade,
Blending with Fairy haunt, and Fairy feat,
Each rocky tor, or cleft, or forest shade,
With airy castle, cell, or bower'd seat,
Of Genii, Hermit, Nymph, and Knight, the lov'd retreat.

XXXVIII.

Or when as rose the wild game from the fen,
In breathless hope he trod the trembling waste,
And press'd advent'rous thro' the upland glen,
To win the mountain's snowy height unpac'd;
There, while the healthful breeze each light limb brac'd,
What awful pleasure swell'd his bosom high!
What thoughts his soul expanded, as he trac'd
The dread surrounding scene with wond'ring eye,
And mark'd each frowning form of Winter's imag'ry!

XXXIX.

Dark trackless woods, o'er whose hoar heads the wind
Sigh'd mournful, as it shook their snows around;
Floods that, no longer to their depths confin'd,
Burst with wide-rending crash their icy bound—
Rocks from their bases loosen'd—gulfs profound—
Foul frothing waves—and frosted cliffs sublime—
Mountains in clouds of angry splendour crown'd,
Whose snow-clad summits Fancy lov'd to climb,
And range to higher worlds, thro' boundless space and time.

XL.

Thus lov'd he, Nature! thro' thy wilds to stray,
By Fancy led—as by a meteor bright,
That tempts the wand'ring traveller from his way—
And oft bewilder'd; till the growing light
Of Science fix'd his intellectual sight:
With Art and Culture, Judgment then combin'd
To guide Imagination's eager flight,
And regulate each impulse of the mind,
Its ardour still undamp'd—its pow'rs still unconfin'd.

XLI.

And now has winter pass'd, and the long night
That yielded to his mind instruction store;
He wanders forth, and seeks, with fond delight,
New wonders of creation to explore.
And while Remembrance muses on her lore,
Comparing Nature with contending Art,
A thousand feelings never known before,
A thousand fresh associations start,
And to his kindling soul a twofold charm impart.

XLII.

But never lov'd he to recall the theme,
Of Gloom and morbid Melancholy born,
Whence fearful forms and apparitions teem,
Of goblins, witching hags, and ghosts forlorn.
O foolish mortal! thus to cloud thy morn
With dreary shades of visionary harm!
Such taste distorted, Truth and Nature scorn,
And teach, dispelling ev'ry vain alarm,
To brave Life's real ill, and Death's unsparing arm.

XLIII.

Yet ere Life's ill be thine, or Death draw near,
With gladd'ning scenes thy gloomy mood relieve;
Or if not these can thy dejection cheer,
Come try the soothing solitude of Eve:
Her gentle dews a healing balm can give
For care or woe, and, lulling each loose will,
Her breath can bid the bosom lightly heave,
Her calm the vex'd and restless thought can still,
And all the chasten'd sou with holy musing fill.

XLIV.

See! to the western wave declining low,
The deep-red Sun undazzling meets the eye;
Gilding each form of wild fantastic show,
That decks the azure tablet of the sky.
Awhile the distant cliff, and beacon high,
And lofty inland objects, all partake
His parting glory, while with varied die,
In the broad mirror of the glowing lake,
Clouds, mountains, rocks, and woods, their mellow'd tints awake.

XLV.

Too transient splendour! for o'er Nature's face
The vermil blush has pass'd! But sober Shade
To each mild feature lends a pensive grace,
And peace and softness all her form pervade.
Now with the cloud-created picture fade
The last faint gleams on mountain, cliff, and main;
Tho' yet the grove, deep vale, and hollow glade,
And nearer objects of the rural plain,
In unobtrusive hue their humble charms retain:—

XLVI.

The winding stream, and pathway close beside,
Like lovers wand'ring thro' the flow'ry mead;
The rustic bridge, and, thro' its span descried
O'er oziers green, the cottage roof of reed;
The ivied rock, and bank o'ergrown with weed,
And dripping wheel of silent mill beneath,
The gate, the stile, and narrow lane that lead
To croft of blossom furze and new-fenc'd heath,
Where from the blazing turf rolls many a smoky wreath.

XLVII.

Now loves the eye to watch the homeward flight
Of bird and insect to their close retreat;
To mark the winged wand'rers of the Night,
Who with awaken'd joy her coming greet:
For when the weary rook has gain'd her seat
Of ancient roost, and wild bee humm'd her way
With the last burden of collected sweet,
Then beetle, moth, and bat, and owlet gray,
Are dimly seen to rove thro' twilight's dusky ray.

XLVIII.

'T is then the list'ning ear delights to note
The sounds that mingle rural scenes among;
The echo of the sheep-dog's bay remote,
And bleat of flocks that to the penfold throng;
The plowman's mellow voice, that charms along
The lagging team, or call of him that throws
To lowing herd the bait; the milkmaid's song
Of plaintive love; and, last, the tuneful close
Of clock that chimes the hour of peace and soft repose—

XLIX.

Repose to him, who from the rugged soil
Has reap'd of industry the well-earn'd food;
Sweet rest to him, who with delightful toil
Has clos'd his happy day of active good;
And peace to him, who, wrapt in holy mood,
Seems from the tongue of time that hour to hear,
Which Pride, nor Pow'r, nor Riches can elude,
Which Sorrow courts, which Vice and Folly fear,
And Virtue hails the hope of her immortal sphere.

L.

Yet, ardent youth, who long of Nature's works
The spell hast known, from thee that hour be far;
From thee in whose glad heart no demon lurks,
Thy sublunary joy perverse to mar.
Ah! would that Man no more might blame his star,
Nor distribution just of Heav'n deny,
Nor wage with his own weal self-vexing war,
Nor bounded state of earthly bliss decry;
For he who loathes to live, not best has learnt to die.

LI.

Scorn'd be the lay that pictures life a vale,
Where all is trouble, bitter tears, and sighs;
Contemn'd the bard, who, with unceasing wail,
To damp aspiring hope and ardour tries.
Say, shall the traveller bent on bold emprize,
Faint and dishearten'd from the prospect turn,
If, in his course, opposing mountains rise?
No! let him ev'ry toil and danger spurn,
And, as obstruction grows, with new ambition burn.

LII.

Thus, Genius! is thy progress ever keen
Thro' Truth's fair reign, or regions of romance;
And should some wayward object intervene,
Fancy and Hope the' adventure but enhance,
And nobly urge, thro' every hostile chance,
To gain the envied goal of deathless fame.
Thro' Nature's scenes thus eager to advance,
Would Albert follow each romantic aim,
Uncheck'd by winter breme, or scorching summer flame.

LIII.

And chief, enchanted by each noble form,
Each awful object eager to survey,
He lov'd, amid the tumult of the storm,
O'er cliffs and tempest-beaten rocks to stray,
There thro' the rugged mazes wend his way,
What time the billow broke with hollow roar,
And from the surf the wild wind swept the spray,
Or thro' the troubled air resistless bore,
For shelter screaming loud, the seabird to the shore.

LIV.

There on the barren brow of some proud steep,
Or dizzy verge of vast projecting pile,
Rent from the parent coast, would Albert keep
Sublime his breathless watch, and wait the while,
Till ocean's flood encompass'd deep his isle;
And ever as against the rock's bold side
The wave renew'd its fury, would he smile
To see it backward hurl'd, and scatter wide
Its ineffectual rage upon the foaming tide.

LV.

The scudding vapour thro' the welkin driven,
With fancy-teeming eye would he pursue;
And watch intent, as in the vault of heaven
The gath'ring shades of sombre Even grew,
And o'er the deep a gloom unbroken threw—
Save where the squall upturn'd the surges white,
And mark'd its fearful progress as it flew,
Or where the Sun, long shrowded from the sight,
Flung thro' his wat'ry veil an angry gleam of light.

LVI.

Rapt would he stand, to view the orb enlarg'd,
In misty grandeur from the scene retire;
Or low'ring cloud, that, with combustion charg'd,
Roll'd o'er the boiling wave in turbid ire;
To mark, with threatful din of ruin dire,
The ocean deluge thro' the void obscure
Come tumbling on—Ah! scarce could he respire,
With fearful joy, thus proudly to endure
The shock of whelming waves, pois'd o'er the wreck secure!

LVII.

But late his wonted haunts has Albert left,
O'er forms and scenes of gentler grace to dwell:—
Where channell'd rills ooze thro' the rocky cleft,
And bubbling founts from wave-worn basins well,
And coral, spar, and weed-inwoven shell,
Contend in variegated tint and glare;
Thither, as to Calypso's fabled cell,
Perchance the visionary might repair,
And picture with her nymphs the fairer goddess there.

LVIII.

And ever as by magic pow'r impell'd,
Has he at eve to yon lone cavern stray'd,
Whose arching roof, by pillars light upheld,
Seems by some spell or ocean Spirit laid:
Thence from beneath the rock-form'd colonnade,
Full long, with earnest eye and thoughtful mien,
A newly-stranded bark has he survey'd:—
Haply o'er Prospero's enchanted scene,
Or fair Miranda's charms, he fondly lov'd to lean?

LIX.

Ah! no; nor fabled goddess fix'd his thought,
Nor gentlest nymph of her immortal train,
Nor happiest image Poet ever wrought,
Nor fairest form in Fancy's airy reign:—
'T was thine, resistless Love! to whose soft chain
E'en soaring Genius yields his willing wing,
'T was thine his ravish'd senses to retain
In sweetest bondage—but the Bard shall sing
From what eventful cause his musing mood might spring.

LX.

The sun had set—the wintry day was o'er,
Loud grew the blast, and high the surge's swell;
The flashing breaker foam'd along the shore,
And from the cliff was heard the heath-hounds' yell;
Fierce on the shatter'd bark the tempest fell,
And the whelm'd seaman struggled in the wave,
Yet not in vain; for haply some could tell,
What aid thy ready hand, Enthusiast! gave,
What risk thy heart defied, to succour and to save.

LXI.

Fair dawn'd the morn, and o'er the tranquil deep,
Of the past storm no gloomy vestige hung,
Save where a cloud, as on the wreck to weep,
A few soft drops of parting sorrow flung:—
Fair dawn'd the morn, when from his couch upsprung
The glowing youth, and to the sun's first rays
While yet the lark her airy carol sung,
Hied him aloof, to shun that painful praise
Which to the gen'rous heart the grateful debtor pays.

LXII.

" Ah, vent'rous mortal! who, with fickle gale,
" O'er faithless ocean dost thy course pursue;
" Should wreckful storms thy fragile bark assail,
" May Hope be ever near, and Pity too!"
As o'er the kindling wave his glance he threw,
Thus Albert pour'd his short but fervent pray'r,
When sudden burst on his enraptur'd view
A form that Hope or Pity well might wear—
It was an earth-born Nymph, as gentle and as fair.

LXIII.

Pensive she leant, and, as soft Zephyr's wing
Wav'd the light tresses from her glowing cheek,
Full were its charms reveal'd, as morn of spring
Blushing thro' fleecy clouds is seen to break.
In each fine feature, with expression meek,
Were life and bright intelligence combin'd;
And ev'n her graceful figure seem'd to speak
Perception exquisite, and thought refin'd,
The whole a finish'd frame, all beauty and all mind!

LXIV.

Such was Eugenia—who, with mournful eye,
To mark the ravage of the tempest came;
Or haply in her heart a hope might lie,
To learn each circumstance of Albert's fame.
Whate'er the cause, let it no wonder claim,
That Beauty was by youthful valour mov'd,
That Beauty youthful valour should inflame.
They met—the mutual blush their feeling prov'd,
And soon the mutual sigh bore witness that they lov'd.

LXV.

Yet, Albert, let not Indolence control,
Nor Languor's melting breath thy pow'rs abate;
Prove well thy wonted energy of soul,
For noble ends thy destiny await:
Away the pining thought, the wilder'd gait,
The look dejected, and the plaintive voice,
And hail thy happy lot with joy elate;
For Beauty bids thee in her smile rejoice,
Her gentle heart is thine—be worthy of its choice.

LXVI.

Thus to the youth, his listless mood to chide,
The tutelary spirit inward spoke,
Nor spoke in vain: contending shame and pride
O'er his ingenuous cheek in blushes broke,
And soon with fervour urg'd him to invoke
The sister band in lov'd Eugenia's name;
For, priz'd by her, their witching arts awoke
A double charm: thro' Love's impassion'd frame,
Zeal kindled all its fire, and Genius felt the flame.

LXVII.

And first he sought, in Painting's magic school,
On varied scenes the pencil to exert;
With faithful outline, and perspective rule,
To each fine feature aiming to impart
Its just expression—with distinctive art
Contrasting, yet combining, objects bold
And graceful—bidding them projected start
With light and shade, as if from Nature's mould,
And clothing them in tints rich, clear, and manifold.

LXVIII.

Lo! on the dawning blank, cloud, hill, and main,
In soft gradation glow; and in the beam
Obliquely flung upon the distant plain,
Romantic forms in light succession teem—
Forts—cities—forests—lakes.—The glassy stream
More near reflects the cot, the bridge, the tower—
While rocks, falls, ruins, catch the broken gleam
Of brighter day; and plant, and leaf, and flower,
In rival verdure bloom, and hail the plastic power!

LXIX.

Transcendent art!—by thee, from Fancy's loom,
In living colours are her works array'd;
By thee preserv'd, the charms of Nature bloom,
When thy faint pictures, fleeting Memory, fade.
Enchanting power!—by thy true touch portray'd,
Does Hope her form of absent love retain,
Does Love hang fondly o'er the faithful shade
Of life departed, while the godlike train
Of ancient Truth, and Worth, and Genius live again!

LXX.

With rival ardour did the youth aspire,
Celestial Harmony! thy spell to gain;
As emulous he wander'd with the lyre
Thro' all the mazes of thy magic reign,
List'ning enamour'd to thy varied strain,
That trouble, pain, and sorrow could control,
And rage, revenge, and each fell passion chain,
Could bid the tide of love and pleasure roll,
And win—compose—delight—and elevate the soul!

LXXI.

But chief, by ardent zeal and genius warm'd,
He woo'd of Poesy the art divine;
And in that art, a hope he fondly form'd,
The charm of song and picture to combine;
And tho' not yet the intellectual mine
Could boast of judgment deep or lore profound,
The Muses' fire had yielded many a sign
Of promise bright, as from metallic ground
Oft bursts the meteor flame, where hidden ores abound.

LXXII.

The Muses' fire!—alas! how oft has glow'd
Its lustre but to mark Misfortune's gloom!
How oft its flame a noble heat bestow'd,
Him whom it warm'd untimely to consume!
Yet, ever-honour'd Nine! whate'er my doom,
To me thy votary a spark concede,
A spark more priz'd than Glory's gaudy plume,
Than Fortune's favour or Ambition's meed,
Or all the pomp and pow'r that Pride and Folly feed.

LXXIII.

Thus Albert, who, by growing taste refin'd,
The chaster form of things sought to descry;
What Nature and what mimic Art design'd,
Viewing with curious and corrected eye,
What grandeur, grace, and heav'n-born Harmony,
And beauteous Imitation could inspire,
What Fancy's store collected could supply,
Seeking with zeal industrious to acquire,
And with the Muse adapt to the symphonious lyre.

LXXIV.

E'en such his hope, when, with romantic thought,
Amid his native rocks wild wandering,
He first in unambitious numbers sought
The rude but witching scenery to sing;
Or when he rang'd on Fancy's playful wing,
Tuning the light and fairy note, or aim'd
To wake pathetic strains, or bade the string
To passion vibrate; but whate'er he fram'd,
His fix'd and fond regard still Love alluring claim'd.

LXXV.

For, did he dream of peaceful cot and vale,
And picture rural bliss in lowly sphere,
Or visionary joys of fortune hail,
And cheat the hour in pleasure's gay career;
Or did his wild imagination rear
The palace dome and castle's banner'd hall,
And wield the hero's sceptre or his spear,
Eugenia ever came at Fancy's call,
Partaker of each scene, enchantress of them all!

LXXVI.

Thus did his heart, enthusiastic, own
The spell of Fancy and the pow'r of Love;
A heart perchance too oft to passion prone,
Too oft allur'd at Pleasure's call to rove:
But Genius would erelong ascendant prove,
And all his native energies restore,
Would soon each false and baneful charm remove,
And then the sister band he lov'd the more,
And with rekindled zeal awoke the Muse's lore.

LXXVII.

Thy pious son, Ulysses, thus by guile
Of Beauty's wanton queen was led astray,
But soon, repentant, from her Cyprian isle
Again with Wisdom nobly bent his way.—
Now cease awhile the lyre; a worthier lay
Haply the Muse may deign to wake anon;
Meantime, young Hope! enjoy youth's blooming day,
Nor mourn that it must fade, when age steals on;
For Genius still shall charm, when youth and bloom are gone.

THE

Influence of Genius.

PART THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

Prosperity less favourable to the Exertions of Genius than Adversity—The Influence of Genius exemplified by the Sacrifice of Ease and Pleasure in the Pursuit of mental Improvement—Love of Praise the inherent Passion of Genius—Effect of classic Literature on an enthusiastic Fancy—Classic Works, their Study requisite to the Perfection of Taste—Classic Scenes, to behold them, the natural Desire of Genius—Sensations on approaching the Shores of Greece—The Cyclades—Digression—The early Effusions of Genius romantic and disinterested, generally devoted to Love or Friendship—Ionia—The later Efforts of Genius dictated by more selfish Feelings—by Ambition—by the Hope of Fame—Homer—Troy—Diffidence of Genius—Athens—Morbid Genius of the Cynic and the Sceptic censured—Marathon—Parnassus—Blessing of that cheerful Genius, which is disposed to behold through all the Walks of Nature—Beauty—Harmony—and Happiness—Emotions of Genius in contemplating the Abodes of great Men—The Heroes and the Sages of Greece.

THE

Influence of Genius.

PART THIRD.

I.

THEE shall the Muse disclaim, whom selfish woes,
Whom pride, or cold neglect, can doom to weep,
With'ring your mental bloom, as blighted rose,
Whose blossoms chilling winds untimely sweep:
Nor less her scorn, who well might brave the steep
Of deathless fame, and win its height supreme,
Yet on the bed of sloth dost idly sleep,
Whose transient wit shoots forth a fickle gleam,
Whose fancy fades away, a wild and empty dream!

II.

But thou, true son of Genius and of Zeal!
Boast of the lyre! for lofty purpose born;
To woes or wrongs thy heart undaunted steel,
And meet the scoff of Pride with tenfold scorn;
View not the trials of Mischance forlorn;
For these may but your energies incite;
But from the spell of Sloth and Pleasure turn;
For those, alas! may dim the mental light,
And wrap the dawn of Hope in dark despondent night.

III.

Say, Albert, shall this hapless dawn be thine?
Wilt thou so soon its clouded promise rue?
Lur'd on the lap of Languor to recline,
Shall baneful Indolence thy soul subdue?
Ah! no; with ardent and enlighten'd view,
Shalt thou a prouder destiny fulfil,
Like him of eld a nobler course pursue,
And Pleasure's tempting cup triumphant spill—
Warm'd by the gen'rous Muse, and true to Genius still.

IV.

Beyond thy bourne of rural walk aspire;
Enough with homebred Nature hast thou stray'd;
Too long with love, and with the love-strung lyre,
Thy feet have wander'd thro' the grove and glade;
Too long the length'ning strand, and beach embay'd,
Thy steps have printed; now the sister band
Would lead thee from the shore and sylvan shade,
Would bid thee quit awhile thy native land,
And o'er an ampler range thy bounded ken expand.

V.

Yet sad and painful 't is, in truth, to part
From happy scenes where we are wont to dwell;
And firm and nobly fram'd must be the heart,
The gentle heart that Genius can impel
To bid to all it loves, a long farewell.
O Genius! great thy pow'r that can o'ercome
Youth's warmest passion, and unloose the spell
That binds him closely to his native home,
Urging to realms afar, thro' toil and risk to roam.

VI.

" Scenes of my infant joy! from you awhile—
" Haunts of my youthful love! from you I go;
" Yet not on me so fair in sunshine smile,
" As if to mock, alas! my parting woe.
" Let darkling day a gloom congenial throw,
" That ye may seem in sympathy to mourn;
" Then shall my soul its wonted vigour know,
" As from afar my last fond look I turn,
" And go where Science leads, by cheering Hope upborne.

VII.

" Lo! to my search is not the wide world given?
" Does not boon Health my limbs for labour brace?
" I long to breathe the changeful climes of heaven,
" I long the wonders of the earth to trace;
" What joy, what knowledge, in the' attractive chase!
" To rove sublime and beauteous scenes among,
" To mark the rival arts of mortal race!
" And as instruction guides my steps along,
" Haply the willing Muse shall then inspire my song.

VIII.

"Blest song, Eugenia! if alone thy heart
"Approve the humble tribute of my lay;
"Then shall my strain a twofold charm impart,
"Joyful as I retrace my homeward way.
"Yes, happier hours—yes, many a smiling day,
"My recollected labours shall requite,
"As to the traveller the morning ray
"Breaks on his couch of balmy rest more bright,
"From his remember'd toil, and wand'rings of the night."

IX.

In Fancy's warm and magic colours drest,
Such were the hopes that Albert lov'd to raise;
That pictur'd her who all his heart possess'd,
Delighted, list'ning to his future lays:
Thus Nature that inherent bent betrays,
Which does the soul of Genius ever move,
That bent to please, that fond desire of praise:—
And who a richer recompense would prove,
Than such sweet praise to win from beauty and from love?

X.

E'en thus enthusiastic did he seek
With dreams of joy his sorrow to control;
And when he mark'd, Eugenia! thy pale cheek,
And saw the flood of grief in silence roll,
If from its fount a tear congenial stole,
Soon did a blush arise that tear to chide:
O painful struggle of the gen'rous soul!
Intent alone thy selfish woe to hide,
The child of feeling thou, nor less the man of pride.

XI.

First in a throng of wild'ring projects lost,
A train of objects that his fancy wrought;
A maze of winding paths his view that cross'd,
Like living statue by enchantment caught;
The fond adventurer involv'd in thought,
As if some potent spell his pow'rs o'ercame,
Stood fix'd—till, back to life and action brought,
The quicken'd blood ran thrilling thro' his frame,
Restor'd his torpid force, and fix'd his wav'ring aim.

XII.

'T was yours, ye matchless masters of the lyre!
Ye heav'n-born sages! and ye bards of yore!
'T was yours his ardent purpose to inspire;
For lately had he known your classic lore
To prize—and now it rous'd him to explore
Those hallow'd seats of Wisdom and the Nine,
Those seats where human art first learnt to soar,
And rival Nature in her works divine—
A zealous vot'ry he—a pilgrim to their shrine.

XIII.

'T was yours to bid his mental pow'rs expand,
And freely whilst expanding to *select*;
For Nature's changeful forms, graceful or grand,
With blending objects oft their charms reflect—
Charms with delusive rapture that affect;
Objects that feeling wildly has embrac'd,
Nor ceas'd with faultless Beauty to connect,
Till, by your lore illum'd, the mind has trac'd
The pure and lucid source of philosophic taste.

XIV.

O sense refin'd of all that fair or great
In art and nature dwells! O life and light
Of intellectual bliss! whether innate,
Thy pow'rs awake perception exquisite,
Or judgment's deeper search those pow'rs excite,
'T is thine with Genius ever to pursue
Nature's true step and Fancy's lawful flight,
To point fresh wonders to the curious view,
And to familiar forms give graces ever new.

XV.

But see! for Fancy still the wand'rer sees,
As first expectant on the deck he stood,
And mark'd the swelling sail, and hail'd the breeze,
And felt the bark glide lightly thro' the flood:
Thrice welcome breeze! to him who long has woo'd
Thy breath suspended, who with sudden glow
Feels the fresh current fan his ardent blood,
Who pants new realms to seek, new arts to know,
And hopes in changeful scenes erelong to cheat his woe.

XVI.

Nor sought in vain—for his was not the eye
To which wide ocean could no charm unfold;
Nor his the heart, to pass unfeeling by
Those cavern'd shores to which the wild wave roll'd:
'T was his with warmth romantic to behold
Each shelving strand, deep bay, and shallow creek,
Each rocky isle, and cliff abrupt and bold,
That faded gradual with the headland bleak,
The slowly sinking coast, and cloud-commingled peak.

XVII.

What thoughts arose! when Night her mantle spread,
And all was dark o'er ocean's dread extent,
Save where a star its feeble lustre shed,
Or ambient wave its light phosphoric lent,
Till welcome Luna, with her bright ascent,
Illum'd the world of waters that appear'd
Hung as the spheres in heav'n's vast firmament,
While the lone vessel, like that bark rever'd
Which o'er the billows went, before the light wind steer'd.

XVIII.

What rapture woke! when Sol from ocean's bound
Diffus'd his blaze the kindling billows o'er,
And when the land-breeze many a jocund sound
Of waken'd life and morn harmonious bore—
The restless surge that broke along the shore—
The thund'ring signal from the banner'd fort—
The bark unmooring, and the busy oar—
And distant hum of bustling mart and port,
Where Traffic's motley crew, and War's wild sons resort.

XIX.

In many a foreign clime did Albert view
The life and change that to such scenes belong,
The life and change of scenes more polish'd too,
Where oft he mingled with the fickle throng
Of Vanity. But Pleasure's syren song
Not long could from his purpose tempt to stray;
He tarried but the city crowd among,
The state of arts and manners so survey,
Then with new warmth pursu'd his meditated way.

XX.

" Hail land of Genius! land in truth divine!
" Where gods have dwelt, and where immortal men
" Have deck'd thy temple, Fame! with many a shrine:
" O hail, unrivall'd Greece, that to the ken
" Of eager Fancy now dost live again;
" As once enlighten'd, and as once renown'd—
" Brave, free, inventive, just, and wise, as when,
" With arms, and arts, and civil science crown'd,
" Thy pow'r no equal own'd, thy glories knew no bound.

XXI.

" And you, fair isles! that on the' Ægean main,
" Smile in the shelter of your kindred shore;
" To whom the honours of your former reign,
" Imagination fondly would restore;
" And to yon states Ionian, as of yore,
" When fir'd o'er proud oppression to prevail,
" From the Barbarian brow the palm they tore,
" When each display'd within its narrow pale
" A world of matchless deed—fair states and isles, all hail!

XXII.

Such Albert's ardent strain, when thy dim coast,
And distant capes, Laconia! met his view;
When in deep thought of other ages lost,
O'er waves and clouds remote his glance he threw,
And those far isles that circle Delos drew,
And those far realms that bound Icaria's sea,
Prone as each son of Genius to pursue
Fancy's free flight, awhile forgetful he,
Once happy realms and isles, of your sad destiny!

XXIII.

Ah! sad in sooth; for, echoing from the strand,
No more the voice of Freedom glads the wave;
No more exulting, Hellas! o'er thy land,
It wakes to honour and to arms the brave;
Fear, ignorance, and sloth, and vice deprave
The soul by baleful tyranny o'erborne;
Foul treachery awaits; and the pale slave,
Of viler slaves the victim and the scorn,
Weeps o'er his native soil, robb'd of its fruits forlorn!

XXIV.

Ah! sad in sooth—for now is heard no more,
Thy pastoral cadence—thy heroic song—
Thy hallow'd streams their numbers cease to pour,
Thy sacred mounts those numbers to prolong;
Silent the tuneful tongue, and mute the throng,
That swell'd their acclamation to the skies;
Thy walks of science, and thy groves among,
'Mid ruin'd arts the lurking robber lies,
And starts when in the wind the shade of Genius sighs.

XXV.

Isle of Apollo! e'en thy splendid fane
And (wonder of the world that worshipp'd there)
Thy matchless altar, which, alas! in vain
Aw'd the proud Mede, and taught him to forbear,
Those beauteous relics which e'en Time could spare,
That Art erelong her ling'ring beam might shed—
E'en these the brute and gross barbarian share—
O'er the rank sod in shatter'd fragments spread,
Or, shap'd by hands profane, rude pillars for the dead!

XXVI.

That heart alone, to which each high design,
Each graceful form of classic art is dear,
That dwells with rapture on the works divine
Which Genius and which Zeal were wont to rear,
And wond'ring after-ages to revere—
That heart alone can tell what awe profound
Albert first felt, as slowly wafted near
Thy shores, Latona! from their rocky bound,
Thro' the lone waste he heard the mournful wave resound.

XXVII.

There, Delos! from thy solitary steep,
As pensive he beheld, on Ocean's bed,
Those once-fam'd isles that now degen'rate sleep;
Ah! where, he cried, are all your glories fled?
Where are the fleets that once the wave o'erspread—
The sacred bark—the consecrated band—
The festive train that to the temple led,
With hallow'd off'rings from each pious land,
While clouds of incense rose, and perfum'd all the strand?

XXVIII.

Incense, and off'rings from the fruitful store
Of bright Mycone—from the fertile plains
Of Cythnos, Ceos, and Rhenea's shore,
Which but the ashes of the dead contains;
From cultur'd Tenos, where no more remains
Her grove the fane of Neptune to surmount;
From Lassia, where no longer Bacchus reigns,
Nor, as his happy votaries recount,
Wine, Joy, and Love, and Mirth, flow from his magic fount:

XXIX.

First fruits and homage from the fragrant vales,
Which now, alas! in Siphnos cease to smile;
Where now, as erst, no breeze its balm exhales,
To lengthen the short span of life awhile—
From rugged Seriphus—Œnoe's isle—
Volcanic Melos—Dia's green abodes—
And Pactia's marble depths, where many a pile
Of matchless structure, now degraded, loads
The groaning soil, and mocks the vengeance of the Gods!

XXX.

Land of Praxiteles! is there not left
One breathing image of the Parian stone
To rival Phryne's grace? art thou bereft
Of all of Phidias but the name alone?
Yes; all their wonders with their days are gone!
Yet o'er thy sons let Genius cease to mourn:
Their spirits but to other climes have flown,
And from the ashes of their classic urn,
Wafted to Albion's isle, in other bosoms burn.

XXXI.

There Sculpture still her monumental wreaths
Loves on devoted valour to bestow;
There to departed worth the marble breathes
For living Friendship all its warmth and woe:—
Ah! would that mine with rival art might glow!
A faithful model then of finish'd frame,
Of Worth and Valour, after-times should know,
And, Bettesworth! thou a nobler tribute claim,
Than my unequal lyre can yield to thee and fame.

XXXII.

O thou in Cynthus once ador'd supreme!
If haply wand'ring thy late haunts among,
Scorn not, howe'er unworthy of its theme,
The lay, amid their gloom, that Friendship sung—
Feelings that from this sacred source have sprung
Has Genius ever own'd, and first the lyre,
Free from self-love, for others fondly strung;
Till won by Fame, and tempted to aspire,
The Muse at length has wak'd her more ambitious fire.

XXXIII.

That fire but feebly yet *His* bosom felt
Whom not a wish of selfish aim possess'd,
Tho' haply there a glow as ardent dwelt
As ever heart enthusiastic blest;
And Genius by that magic glow impress'd
The train of thought Association wove,
With each fair form of things romantic drest,
And gave to Him a twofold bliss to prove,
Who Nature's charms beheld with fancy and with love.

XXXIV.

With these he wander'd thro' each classic scene,
Each isle that bloom'd beneath Ægean skies,
Where breath'd their fragrance thro' the clime serene,
Gay flow'rs that sprang from Zephyr's balmy sighs:
With these would he his numbers harmonize,
And deck each object in the fairest hue;
And should a busy thought of home arise,
With grief his heart unguarded to subdue,
Her lay of promis'd joy would Hope erelong renew.

XXXV.

With these o'er Io's peaceful shore he rang'd,
And thence with fav'ring gale to Thera bent;
Once blooming Thera—now, alas, how chang'd!
Whose hills and dales a dreary soil present,
Or scorch'd by flame, or shock convulsive rent.
And now o'er Ocean's calm he turn'd to gaze,
Where woodless Anaphe her soft extent,
And fair Astipalœa's isle displays
Her flower-enamell'd meads and deep-indented bays.

XXXVI.

Thence wafted, soon Amorgo's length'ning coast,
And cliffs in lichen clad, he left behind;
And blest the region which thy birth could boast,
Father of med'cine! friend of human kind!
Where fir'd by genius, and by taste refin'd,
With magic touch the lover learnt to trace
Woman's soft image rob'd in woven wind,—
Learnt from the fairest maid of mortal race,
To give to Beauty's queen new charms and finish'd grace.

XXXVII.

Alas! fair Science, and the sister train,
Long from their Coan garden have been driven!
Yet but for Tyranny's all-blighting reign,
Again the flow'rs they nurtur'd might have thriven:
For there to man, could Freedom wake, is given
All that his past condition might restore;
There Beauty still enchants, there partial Heaven
On Nature loves its genial warmth to pour,
And Nature, still unchang'd, blooms grateful as of yore.

XXXVIII.

Not so where once o'er wider tracts she smil'd,
Which scatter'd now in many a rocky heap,
By Earth's convulsion into ruin pil'd,
Or whelm'd by Ocean's wild resistless sweep;
Bleak, barren isles, and wave-worn islets steep,
That soar in craggy peaks, or cavern'd lean
In fearful poise, or from the mournful deep,
Sunk in broad shoals, emerging oft are seen,
To show to short-liv'd man where peopled realms have been!

XXXIX.

Who from these wrecks, the lofty parent land,
Whence torn they parted, calmly can behold?
Who see, amid her matchless bloom, expand
The waste and ruin which her shores enfold?
Who think, Ionia! with a heart more cold,
On thee, and those with thee confederate—
Who muse upon the days and deeds of old,
When Freedom triumph'd, and your sons were great,
And sigh not to compare their past and present state?

XL.

Well might awhile their woes, and blighted fame,
In Albert wake a train of mournful thought;
Yet not for him in sooth that mental frame
Had Fancy and perverted Genius wrought,
Which ever-brooding melancholy sought,
And joy'd in darkness, rather than in light:
Ah! no—his soul was with that sunshine fraught,
Nature's fair scenes which pictur'd still more bright,
And e'en life's darkest clouds in hopeful tints bedight.

XLI.

Thus, as he mark'd Ionia's native bloom,
Would he with fancy better times recall;
Would he with hope her saddest scenes illume,
And break the fetters which her sons enthrall:—
"Empires and states have had their rise and fall;
"Thou oft (he cried) hast fall'n to rise again;
"And if thy wealth and pow'r have vanish'd all,
"Still the bright records of thy fame remain,
"And prove that thou and thine have not been great in vain.

XLII.

" Bear witness ye whose blood has nobly flow'd,
" To shield your country from despotic rage;
" Ye on whom Wisdom has her light bestow'd,
" Whom matchless arts and science could engage;
" Who, bright assemblage! on your bounded stage,
" All that is great, and graceful, could combine,
" Bard—patriot—warrior—legislator—sage—
" Who, in their galaxy like stars that shine,
" O'er all the path of worth have shed a light divine.

XLIII.

" What tho' of Cnidus, and her myrtle groves,
" But dreary ruins and foul wastes are known,
" Ruins and wastes, from whence the weeping Loves,
" Bereft of Beauty's modell'd form, have flown;
" What tho' where Caria's monarchs rear'd their throne,
" Where, record of thy love, devoted queen!
" Thy tomb of Mausolus in splendour shone,
" Or where Miletus in her pride was seen,
" Is left no trace to tell the wonders that have been?

XLIV.

" What tho' no more thy temple shall reveal,
" Queen of the Gods! the spot where thou wert born;
" Nor Dian's ruin'd fane, which pious zeal
" Rais'd from its fall, more richly to adorn,
" Can boast a relic for the Moslem's scorn?
" Tho' Teos—Lebedos—and Colophon,
" Beneath some village roofs now lie forlorn,
" And e'en from cities prouder still is gone
" The mem'ry of the site they flourish'd once upon?

XLV.

" Such mortal labours but endure awhile.—
" How many a monument of nobler kind
" Than city, temple, or triumphal pile,
" Hellas! thy race inspir'd have left behind;
" Memorials far more lasting, of the mind—
" Works that with ev'ry good and beauty teem,
" Which Virtue, Art, and Science, have combin'd—
" Works that in truth an emanation seem
" Of mental light divine—of excellence supreme!"

XLVI.

Ah ! think whose hearts of classic ground have felt
The charm—think with what feeling Albert's glow'd,
As, warm'd by Fancy, o'er each scene he dwelt,
Where Worth and Genius, worshipp'd once, abode;
Think what his deep emotions as he trode
Those silent haunts, that solitary spot,
Where once, immortal bard ! divinely flow'd
Thy lay ; tho' now, alas ! thy hallow'd grot
And murm'ring fountain stream of Meles are forgot !

XLVII.

There as he mus'd, the recollected strain
And lofty numbers of the bard awoke ;
Of high enthusiastic thought, a train
Which into wild impassion'd accents broke,
As if the breath of Inspiration spoke,
And bade him rise on more advent'rous wing,
Bade him the Muse of epic song invoke,
That he might strike with bolder hand the string,
And arms, and glorious deed, and gods and heroes sing.

XLVIII.

There first ambition fir'd, and now from love
He chas'd the languor of Ionia's clime;
And as he past her hill, and dale, and grove,
Scarce heeded he their scenes of vernal prime,
Scarce heeded he the rocks and cliffs sublime,
Athalia's fairy region that surround,
Till from afar he heard their pealing chime,
Then turn'd he to behold and bless the ground,
Where Genius sad and blind a welcome refuge found.

XLIX.

With morn's fair star he saw those shores retire,
In day's last blush Ægira caught his eye;
But little thought he of Arion's lyre,
Of Phrynis' or Terpander's harmony;
E'en Sappho's woe rais'd but a transient sigh:
So kindled he with ardour to behold
Those fields of glory, and achievement high,
Where gods, with warriors and with kings enroll'd,
Bade the bard sing their deeds, and heav'n and fate unfold.

L.

Eve long had reign'd—and o'er the tranquil wave,
On lonely Tenedos the lamp of night
Shone with the same mild ray as when it gave
To guide the wily Greek its fav'ring light,
When from the surge its lofty headland height,
In silver tints, he saw Sigæum rear;
But winds arose, and wing'd their troubled flight,
And gath'ring clouds obscur'd the hemisphere,
As to the foaming waves of Ilion he drew near.

LI.

Strange sounds in ev'ry gust now seem to float,
Like din of distant arms; in ev'ry gleam,
That faintly flashes on the cliffs remote,
Visions and forms in wild confusion teem—
Visions and forms of other times that seem,
Such as at midnight hour the Muse presents
On Troja's shore, and by Scamander's stream,
Of guards, and glimm'ring spears, and sails, and tents,
And palace domes, and spires, and tow'rs, and battlements.

LII.

Driv'n by the tempest, now to Fancy's gaze,
The clouds that Ida's mystic top conceal,
Quick parting to the lightning's awful blaze,
The angry councils of the Gods reveal—
Deep gloom succeeds, and with the length'ning peal
Olympus trembles—Ocean from the shore,
And shock of Neptune's trident, seems to reel,
Hope droops, and sees the promis'd land no more,
Lost in the war of waves, and winds' contending roar!

LIII.

Deluded wand'rer! not to thee is given
To trace the flow of Xanthus, nor inhale
On Ida's hallow'd brow the breath of heaven.
Fate yields thy hopes to the resistless gale:
Yet cease thy wayward fortune to bewail;
For if by thee untrod be Ilion's plain,
Still o'er the fabled scene her magic veil
Shall Fancy spread, and still shalt thou retain
The undiminish'd charm of her enchanting strain.

LIV.

Mourn rather, ere the tempest ceas'd to rave,
That from thy sight fam'd Helle's shores had fled,
Whence, like a dark cloud sweeping o'er the wave,
The host by Macedonia's warrior led,
Thro' the wide world his mad dominion spread.
Ah! by the lust of conquest less engross'd,
Had they in Freedom's cause as nobly bled,
How worthier of renown had been the boast
Of that ambitious chief and his all-conquering host!

LV.

From those same shores pitying hadst thou beheld
Where lov'd Leander sunk, and Hero died;
Where Persia's haughty chief by blows impell'd
His coward slaves o'er Helle's blushing tide;
Thence as the despot view'd, in pageant pride,
His motley myriads, sudden from his throne,
High rais'd o'er all—"Not one of these (he cried)
"Shall breathe when but a few fleet years are gone!"
Then wept, in sooth, to think their mortal lot his own.

LVI.

For, had his selfish heart to pity leant,
And mourn'd the mis'ries which on war await,
Why that sad source of mortal woe augment?
Why—but to swell his proud, imperial state?
Steel'd by ambition, and with pow'r elate,
Like other tyrants little heeded he
Of his vast hosts the waste of blood how great,
So that their lawless might subdu'd each knee,
And yok'd each bended neck to his fell tyranny.

LVII.

But tho' his countless hordes thro' many a realm
Awhile could scatter ruin and dismay,
Deep floods could drain, proud cities overwhelm,
Bid mountains to their mad career give way,
And mountain waves turn'd from their depths obey—
O impotence of numbers, and of force!
Thought he the war-tried spirit to affray?
Hop'd he of patriot love to drain the source?
Or stem the torrent tide of freedom in its course?

LVIII.

How sunk his hope, when Sparta's chosen stood
Firm in the pass of Phocis to arrest
His gather'd pow'r! how was his pride subdu'd,
When to his regal couch at night they press'd
Thro' flames and blood! what rage his soul possess'd,
When o'er the wave he saw his scatter'd fleet
Yield to the Greek! how fell his haughty crest,
When, his past pomp contrasting with defeat,
Forlorn thro' Helle's strait in his frail bark he beat!

LIX.

"Tyrants and conquerors! to you of eld,
"Such the example which the Persian gave;
"Such in these latter days have we beheld,
"In fall'n Ambition's bolder, mightier slave.
"Shades of the virtuous! spirits of the brave!
"Rous'd by your name, in ev'ry age a race
"Of freeborn Heroes shall their banners wave,
"To check the despot's wildest rage, and chase
"His wan and wasted force with vengeance and disgrace."

LX.

Thus Albert, as he saw the dawn illume
The dun horizon, and from ocean's swell
Gradual dissolve its melancholy gloom,
Save where the deep'ning shades of Athos fell—
Where in the night-storm once were heard the yell
Of rav'ning monsters, and the screams of woe,
But now the soften'd surge, and convent bell,
Alternate echo'd thro' the caves below,
Whilst all the scene above grew bright in matin glow.

LXI.

Thence o'er the wave that Persia's blood had dy'd,
As straight to Salamis he bent his way,
Warm'd with remembrance of her ancient pride,
Would he the impulse of his zeal obey;
To sing your triumphs, Greece! would he essay,
And e'en, fond dream! to classic praise aspire:
But, ah! how undeserving seem'd his lay,
How oft dejected he renounc'd the lyre,
And felt, as Fancy soar'd, how weak the Minstrel's fire!

LXII.

Felt all his warmth and inspiration fail,
To paint his thoughts enkindling as they grew;
When tow'ring o'er her subject plain and dale,
Athena's far-kenn'd fortress chain'd his view,
When Sol to the horizon nearer drew,
And his full flame on those bright pillars pour'd,
Which from their mountain base of deeper hue,
Magnificent as airy fabrics soar'd,
And scenes of glory past, and better days restor'd:—

LXIII.

Days when the first in beauty, worth, and song,
To flute and lyre, with sacred olive crown'd,
Up the proud steep and column'd pass along,
To Wisdom's shrine in slow procession wound;
Whilst on thy image strew'd with flow'rs around,
Pallas! thy rich-wove mantle as they flung,
The dome of Victory, and the cave profound
Of Pan, re-echo'd to each joyful tongue,
And with glad Pæan strains the Pythian temple rung.

LXIV.

Fled are those festive scenes! fall'n are those walls,
Which once contending Wealth and Genius grac'd!
Their storied sculptures, pillars, pedestals,
By Turk, and Goth of modern time defac'd:
But tho' the Saint and Prophet long have chas'd
Athena's goddess from her lawful fane,
Tho' other worshippers have long displac'd
Thy altar, sire of gods! without a stain,
And others yet may rise, and these expel again:

LXV.

Say, on this change shall Contemplation dwell,
Presumptuous doubt and discontent to raise?
Doubt which, if felt, 't were folly not to quell,
But, to proclaim, a vicious heart betrays.
Dark sceptic, say, must incense vainly blaze,
Because the ends of Heav'n *thou* canst not scan?
Because all form of mortal frame decays,
Bounding his spirit to an earthly span,
Wouldst thou to dust transmute the' incorporal soul of man?

LXVI.

Away! nor, with reviving sophist lore,
Shame thou again the spot where Athens stood;
Truth, Wisdom, Virtue, Beauty, Taste abhor
That morbid genius which delights to brood
'Mid ruin'd arts, and grope alone for food
To glut the spleen of a distemper'd mind,
Which breathes malignant, that the great and good,
Of ages glorious, and of times refin'd,
Have past, and left, alone—an empty name behind.

LXVII.

Here, where the Turk's rude battlements ascend,
Rais'd on the wreck of ages let us pause;
And o'er thy ruin, Athens! as we bend,
Still think with wonder on thy weal that was,
Thy golden age of piety and laws,
Thy glorious æra, when, with justice arm'd,
Valour and Virtue won in Freedom's cause;
Thy brilliant days, when Art and Science charm'd,
By guardian Genius woo'd, by rival Beauty warm'd!

LXVIII.

Musing on these, shall not the heart expand,
Albeit the eye o'er Desolation rove,
And mark the last proud relics of the land,
The crumbling fanes of Pallas and of Jove?
Albeit the pale of Justice, nor the grove
Where Science nobly labour'd to illume,
The halls where wit, and taste, and genius strove,
The warrior's column, nor the patriot's tomb,
Are longer now beheld amid thy olive bloom?

LXIX.

O not of all thy matchless arts bereft;—
Enough remains to guide the hand of Skill—
Enough to Science has thy genius left,
The heart with wonder—with delight to fill.
Of Nature, and of Man, of good and ill,
Thy sires of wisdom yet their knowledge yield,
Thy Bards and Orators enkindle still,
Thy sons of valour call to honour's field,
And bid for freedom still, the brave their weapons wield.

LXX.

O ye! who on *Iberia*'s soil have bled,
(Peace to the shades of those who haunt the plain
Of Marathon!) since for her glory shed,
Your country deems your blood not spilt in vain,
Grateful will she your valiant deeds retain,
And honour'd where ye fell shall be the spot,
Honour'd and wept, when long the Cynic's strain
Shall die forgotten, or, if not forgot,
Live but to shame the heart that would your mem'ry blot.

LXXI.

God of Parnassus! from thy hallow'd mount,
On thee an unknown voice presumes to call;
If from the Muses' consecrated fount
Can flow a stream contaminate with gall,
O let the bitter inspiration fall
On stubborn Vice, or Folly's hoary head—
Let it the proud subdue, the bad appal;
But softest dews of Castalie be shed,
And sweetest, wildest flow'rs, bloom o'er the valiant dead!

LXXII.

But thou perchance o'er Delphi's sordid shrine
Didst never reign, as fabling Poets tell;
Else from its altars had thy light benign
Fail'd not their mystic honours to dispel.
Say, could the gentle Muses love to dwell
With venal priests, and prostitute their name?
Say, could the Nine harmonious wake the shell
For idiot Superstition, and proclaim
Discord, and savage war, and desolating flame?

LXXIII.

Ah! no:—tho' art for pious guile has wrought
Works that with holy rapture might inspire;
Tho' gloomy or corrupted Bards have caught
A spark celestial of the Muses' fire,
And tun'd for tyrant kings and priests the lyre,
Where thy glad rays, bright sun of science, shine,
The peaceful arts and Heliconian choir
Breathe freedom, truth, and harmony divine,
And, won by Wisdom's voice, genius and worth combine.

LXXIV.

O Genius! ever on the ardent mind
Thy brightest influence benignly pour;
And bid the youthful Bard, of soul refin'd,
Whether with Fancy he delight to soar,
Or patient seek amid the precious store
Of priceless knowledge Truth's pure gem to trace,
Or Nature's rich and varied scenes explore,
Bid him each dark and mournful image chase,
And see thro' all her reign, joy, order, good, and grace.

LXXV.

Thus Albert, with romantic vision blest;—
But if in Nature's humbler walks he view'd
In fairest tints each scene familiar dress'd,
Each homebred form in happiest attitude,
When he sublimer scenes and forms pursu'd,
How thrill'd, as he beheld those realms, his heart,
Those classic realms, to fancy which renew'd
All that of glory, virtue, wisdom, art,
Ambition could inspire, and talent could impart!

LXXVI.

While on that land of past renown he gaz'd,
What recollections to his wond'ring thought
Her race of heroes and of sages rais'd!
What love of fame their great example taught!
What thirst of lore their high-born genius wrought!
As o'er each spot where once they breath'd he hung,
What inspiration from the scene he caught!
What new-born transport in his bosom sprung,
As to their shades rever'd his lyre spontaneous rung!

LXXVII.

But to those shades, and silent haunts alone,
Did he attune his tributary lay;
Feelings enthusiastic as his own,
If haply equal numbers could convey,
He fear'd to hearts less ardent to betray,
To hearts that might not with those feelings chime,
To hearts, O Greece! that never knew the sway
Of thy wild scenes and solitudes sublime,
Thy suns, thy waves, thy skies, thy soul-exalting clime!

LXXVIII.

And happier had it been, fond Bard, for thee,
Hadst thou not thus adventur'd on a theme
Which now thou findest, with diminish'd glee,
Too deep for thy unpractis'd art I deem;
Like him who, tempted by the flowing stream,
Floats thoughtless on in fancied skill elate,
Till 'mid the current, waking from his dream,
He feels his spirit fail, his pow'rs abate,
And sore repenting mourns his rashness and his fate.

LXXIX.

Immortal Muse! if aught the Bard has fram'd,
Can Virtue, Reason, Beauty, Worth offend,
Then let him sink, a wretch by thee disclaim'd,
And all his visions in despondence end:
But if his lay has labour'd to extend
The love of Nature, and of Wisdom's lore,
The light of Science and of Truth, O lend
Thy ready aid, his drooping hope restore,
And his reviving strain to Genius raise once more!

THE

Influence of Genius.

PART FOURTH.

ARGUMENT.

Feelings and Reflections of the Traveller on revisiting his native Soil—Dreams of Genius—Emotions of an enthusiastic Mind from Love, Hope, and Doubt—Course of mental Suffering in Misfortune—Desire of Solitude in Grief—Consolation from the Promise of a future State—Influence of Genius in Affliction—Change of intellectual Pursuits—Philosophy—History—Polity—Moral Science—Return of the Mind to its natural Bent—Fancy—Poetry—Scenes of former Felicity—Night—The Heavens—Immortality—Corporeal Strength unequal to the Exertions of Mind—Influence of Genius in Disease, and at the Approach of Death—Conclusion.

THE

Influence of Genius.

PART FOURTH.

I.

Blest be the day, tho' parting Love might weep.
When, fir'd the path of knowledge to pursue,
My native wilds I left, and brav'd the deep,
For loftier scenes, and skies of brighter hue.
Ah! then, as wide creation rose to view,
Warm thro' my veins what thrilling rapture ran!
Amid her works what thoughts of Nature grew,
Gradual as she display'd their matchless plan,
And at each step reveal'd her master-wonder Man!

II.

O say, can aught excel the joy refin'd
Of him who journeys thro' each varied land,
And with the lore enlarg'd of human kind,
Feels all his heart dilate, his soul expand?
Yes, that fond hope, by fav'ring breezes fann'd,
When bending to the well-known cliffs his ken—
Yes, that warm bliss, when, bounding on the strand,
The world's enlighten'd, happy Denizen
Speeds to his native wilds and weeping love again.

III.

How felt the wand'rer, who thro' many a clime
Had urg'd his course, by noblest aim impell'd;
Had scenes of Nature, beauteous and sublime,
And men, and imitative arts beheld;
Had trac'd the mould'ring monuments of eld,
Till many a toil endur'd, and peril past,
With fond desire of home his bosom swell'd—
How felt the wand'rer, lightly when at last
Within the welcome port the bark her anchor cast?

IV.

It was that season, when from budding flowers,
Their first, fresh sweets are fann'd by Zephyr's wing;
When o'er the teeming soil, in blossom showers,
The early-forming fruits their promise fling—
It was that season of romantic spring,
While yet upon the trembling wave the ray
Of undimm'd morning-star hung glittering,
When Albert, reckless of the dawn's delay,
Printed with eager step his dew-besprinkled way.

V.

As on he hied, lost in luxurious thought,
What blissful dreams that busy thought possest!
Dreams of sweet rest, more sweet by labour bought,
And love from absence and past grief more blest.—
And in those blissful dreams of love and rest,
What joy, what good, for others pictur'd he!
What high-born hopes in brilliant colours drest!
Visions, aspiring Genius! rais'd by thee,
Visions of future fame—of triumph yet to be!

VI.

As day awaken'd, with what pure delight
His heart dilated to the cooling gale,
That down the mountain wing'd its viewless flight,
And drank the dewy fragrance of the vale!
What rapture his that incense to inhale,
When the wild beauties of his rural wonne,
With all its woods, and glens, and cliffs, and all
The waves that swell, and brooks that murm'ring run,
Blush'd with the first mild beams of morn's emerging sun!

VII.

It was as if some magic light had gleam'd,
As if some breath enchanting fill'd the air;
And all around, the fairy scene he deem'd
A smile more glad, a dress more gay to wear—
As if, in sooth, his welcome to prepare!
It seem'd as on his dwelling's airy dome,
A ray of heav'nly lustre rested there,
To win him to his long-deserted home,
No more from peace to part—no more from love to roam.

VIII.

Yet on those charms but little while he hung;
Sudden, as if some object to descry,
From their sweet influence his glance he flung,
And pass'd with rapid step impatient by:
Along the upland path he seem'd to fly,
Till o'er a deep, sequester'd, woody vale,
Intent he stood—ah! wherefore fix'd his eye
On that lone spot?—ah! wherefore ye can tell,
Ye who like him have hop'd—have lov'd so long—so well.

IX.

O thou! to win whose sweet, approving smile,
To kindle in whose soul a kindred flame,
With ardent spirit, Albert brav'd each toil,
And all his trials light of heart o'ercame—
Thou, at the magic only of whose name,
A thousand promis'd joys to Fancy grew,
When hope was far—what transport shook his frame,
Now each lov'd object rose in living hue,
To realize the bliss enamour'd which he drew!

X.

" Awake ! arise !" with wild delight he cried,
" Fair as the twilight ray ere yet it glows;
" Fresh as the breeze of morn, o'er ocean's tide
" Or brow of mountain; sweet as when it blows,
" And breathes the fragrance of the blushing rose;
" Gay as the song of birds that glad the grove,
" Yet gentle as the vocal strain that flows,
" And wafts the matin pray'r to realms above—
" Warm as young Friendship's wish—chaste as first sigh of love!

XI.

" Wake from soft sleep, and visions that entrance;
" Rise, and in all thy wonted charms appear;
" With all that beauty and that love enhance,
" With all that virtue and that truth endear:
" The melodies of morn thy coming cheer;
" Thy Eden blooms, and echoes to the sound;
" Thy Albert, too long parted, now is near:
" He hastes—he flies—his fondest hopes are crown'd:—
" Ah ! no; he lingers still, as on enchanted ground !"

XII.

There are, but only those who love can tell,
Moments ere on the lap of bliss we sink,
Moments when o'er that bliss awhile we dwell,
And, tho' by longing fir'd, forbear, and think:—
There are, when as it were upon the brink
Of rapture, feelings that themselves restrain,
That struggle—rally—and that rallying shrink,
Lest giddy Reason may no more retain,
By ecstacy o'erwhelm'd, her empire o'er the brain.

XIII.

Thus thought he, dwelt he, loveliest one, on thee!
And thus his wilder'd senses to recall,
E'en at the threshold of felicity,
Did Albert pause—but vain his efforts all,
The tumult of his feelings to enthrall:
They rose but wilder, breaking from their chain,
And more they rose, the deeper did they fall:
So, when he sought the' embowered porch to gain,
Scarce could his trembling limbs his languid frame sustain.

XIV.

With hope—with doubt—his heart alternate beat;
Faintly he utter'd thy lov'd name, and sigh'd:
Heard he a distant voice that name repeat?
Yes; 't was the echo of his own that died.—
More loud he call'd—the hollow walls replied!
"Can love expectant thus her vigil keep?"
He listen'd—ponder'd—almost turn'd to chide—
"Love wakes at pleasure's call, if not to weep;
"Hope, joy, and grief alike, dispel the charm of sleep."

XV.

From the void roof he turn'd to note around,
O'er all the scene what gloomy silence slept;
Thro' the rank grass the walks neglected wound,
And 'mid the garden sweets, that bord'ring swept
Those walks along, full many a weed had crept.
Sad where the lawn and grove, more sadly shown
In the clear stream o'er which the willow wept—
All seem'd to say, Here mayst thou weep alone;
Long from these sorrowing wastes has their lov'd tenant flown!

XVI.

Ah! mournful presage, that too truly told
The yet severer trial of thy doom;
That thou wert destin'd hapless to behold
Thy day of fairest promise wrapt in gloom;
That, like a transient sunbeam o'er the bloom
Of Spring, thy light of joy had pass'd away—
That, like a meteor, never to relume
The vault of heav'n with bright delusive ray,
Thy star of hope had fall'n—had beam'd but to betray!

XVII.

Where, Albert, now the bliss thy fancy gave?
Where now thy dreams, thy happy visions fled?—
For ever vanish'd!—sunk into the grave;
For all that thou didst love on earth is dead!—
Where shall the wand'rer lay his weary head?
To what deep drowsy solitude repair?
Where for his thoughts find sleep, but on the bed
Of Death? for, in the mind's oblivion, there—
Alone is rest from woe, is refuge from despair.

XVIII.

Thus he, who, heedless of the stormy blast,
Aloft with ardent expectation flies,
And pois'd upon the high and rocking mast,
Sees from afar his land of promise rise;
But sudden as the vessel reeling lies,
Dash'd on the billow from his giddy height,
Sad o'er the watry waste he casts his eyes,
Weeps as the less'ning sail eludes his sight,
And sinks of hope bereft, whelm'd in the waves' dark night!

XIX.

And thus sank Albert on the earth forlorn!
But not to life and thought to wake no more:
Again he rose, yet not with tears to mourn,
Nor with deep plaint his suff'ring to deplore;
Not one soft tear to soothe them could he pour,
Nor plaintive sigh nor murmur breath'd he one;
Yet wrong it were to deem his sorrows o'er—
Sorrows, alas! untimely but begun,
Just as the goal of bliss his ardent fancy won.

XX.

Stunn'd with the weight of woe, awhile he rov'd,
Like one in sense bewilder'd or beguil'd,
Scarce conscious of the forms that once he lov'd,
Regardless of the scenes around that smil'd;
Yet from his trance at times he started wild,
As if in doubtful balance reason hung;
And oft he turn'd to gaze, as one exil'd,
And seem'd within to struggle, as if stung
By some remember'd pang that sore his bosom wrung.

XXI.

Nor was that inward effort vain:—at length
His feelings, like the river torrent's swell,
Burst ev'ry bound with wide o'erwhelming strength,
And in a flood of weeping sorrows fell.—
Ah! child of woe! misfortune would ye quell,
The force of grief's inevitable tide
Patient endure—but strive not to repel;
Free let it flow—and soon shall it subside,
Or in a calmer stream of melancholy glide.

XXII.

Yet wouldst thou from a prying world conceal
The heart-consuming pang that pales thy cheek,
Thy suff'ring to the midnight moon reveal,
Or morn's lone star, ere twilight blushes break;
And when day beams, the darksome forest seek;
Thy tears and sighs to winds and waters pour,
To rocks and trees thy deep affliction speak,
Or search some cavern on the desert shore,
And mingle thy sad plaint with ocean's murm'ring roar.

XXIII.

" Ye lone dark cliffs!" (as o'er the past he sigh'd,
Thus Albert pour'd his solitary strain,)
" Deep in your rocky vaults a mourner hide,
" Who flies from scenes where joy and nature reign;
" For, lost to hope! since he has lov'd in vain,
" Not all the blooming beauties earth can yield,
" Not all the changeful wonders of the main,
" Nor yon bright beams that earth and ocean gild,
" Can warm a heart like his, by disappointment chill'd.

XXIV.

" Ye lone dark cliffs! what tho' each wave-worn grot
" May bar the smile of Nature from my view,
" Can solitude conceal from bleeding thought
" The sad remembrance of the bliss I knew?
" No!—still relentless mem'ry will pursue,
" And mock with parted moments of delight—
" Moments, alas! how fleeting and how few!
" Like moonbeams in a wild and wintry night,
" When from the passing cloud they gleam upon the sight.

XXV.

" E'en as that cloud along the drear expanse,
" By stormy blasts impell'd, by lightning riven,
" Thro' a wide world of mourning and mischance,
" With rended heart, Eugenia! am I driven.
" O to my prison'd spirit that 't were given
" To burst its mortal bonds, and, unconfin'd,
" Trace the bright lustre of thy course to heaven,
" O'ertake thee with the swift wings of the wind,
" And earth, with all its ills, for ever leave behind!

XXVI.

" And is that hour, for all appointed, far?
" Shall we not meet erelong beyond the tomb?
" Shall not this promise, like a beaming star,
" My melancholy pilgrimage illume?
" What tho' untimely wither'd is the bloom
" Of those fair wreaths and flow'rs that Fancy wove,
" What yet of life remains shall grief consume?
" Wouldst thou, blest shade, look down from bliss above,
" And deem my fruitless plaint deserving thy pure love?

XXVII.

" Ah, lost perfection! if of thee bereft,
" If now nor fame nor fancy can allure;
" Thou whisper'st still—A noble task is left:—
" For other's good each selfish aim abjure,
" Thy mental pow'rs exert—improve—mature;—
" Toil, and be patient—kiss the chast'ning rod;
" Thy spirit then, as ore refin'd and pure,
" Purg'd of its dross, may quit its mortal sod,
" Approv'd of her thou lov'st—acceptable to God."

XXVIII.

Thus thro' a heart half yielded to despair,
The hope-inspiring breath of Genius stole,
And kindling ev'ry gen'rous passion there,
Fir'd with enthusiastic flame the soul.—
Genius! shall chance or change thy pow'rs control?
Shall mortal ills the' immortal mind appal?
No:—let the dark tide of misfortune roll,
Let the full tempest of affliction fall,
Still shall thy true-born sons superior rise to all.

XXIX.

And thine was Albert.—Oft might cold neglect
The mind's unfolding growth in childhood cramp,
In youth by pleasure might its course be check'd,
In manhood might mischance its vigour damp;
Still joy and sorrow did but lend their stamp:
And when his visionary bliss had fled,
Still with the dawn of morn, or night's pale lamp,
He turn'd from errant Fancy but to tread,
With less bewilder'd step, where Truth and Wisdom led.

XXX.

" O thou! supremely fair! sublimely great!
" Thou from whose uncreated Spirit flow
" Virtue and mental light, to raise elate
" Man's heart, and soften his apportion'd woe—
" Pure Source of love and happiness below!
" On me a beam of thy mild radiance pour,
" That I, a lonely wanderer, may know
" The ways of Wisdom rightly to explore,
" And in her paths of peace may win thy sacred lore.

XXXI.

" But where shall Hope my eager step incline?
" Ah! whither bend the anxious ear and eye
" To catch an echo of thy voice divine,
" And some bright traces of thy march descry?—
" In the deep maze of man's philosophy?
" Too oft, alas! what mists of error there!
" What false, fantastic lights are seen to blaze,
" That, like the meteor's transitory glare,
" But leave the path more drear, more dark the troubled air!

XXXII.

" Yet say, shall I the search enervate shun?
" Shall difficulty daunt? shall toil deter?
" Ah! no: immortal truth is to be won,
" Man's life is short, and bids him not defer.
" Were it not better far awhile to err,
" Than quit the field of enterprise untried?
" And perils, to the fearless traveller,
" Are they not lofty beacons but to guide
" To bolder, nobler aim, his patience and his pride?

XXXIII.

" And lo! amid the gloom expanding far,
" Shall not the' Historic Muse the mirror hold
" Of Truth, and pour its guidance like the star,
" Whose lustre led to Bethlehem of old?
" Her various knowledge shall she not unfold,
" And paint each fact with faithful dignity,
" Show to the bad the crimes of vice enroll'd,
" The deeds of virtue bid the guileless see,
" And tell what man has been, to teach what he should be?

XXXIV.

" Alas! throughout her picture of time past,
" What dim, confus'd, deceptive forms succeed!
" What motley hues o'er all has Fancy cast!
" What colours Falsehood mingled to mislead!
" And e'en where Truth has from delusion freed,
" E'en of those objects which herself has trac'd,
" How many cause the feeling heart to bleed!
" Man stain'd with blood, by lust and fraud disgrac'd,
" By tyranny deprav'd—by slavery debas'd!

XXXV.

" O Being born for wisdom and for peace!
" When will thy folly and thy madness end?
" When with thy fellow-mortal wilt thou cease
" For tyrants and their minions to contend?
" Did war, and war's vain triumph, ever mend,
" By spoils or pow'r, the lot of human kind?
" No; they but serve the social ties to rend,
" To swell the pride of despots, and to bind
" In chains thy native rights—thy freedom of the mind.

XXXVI.

" Witness ye warriors of my native land,
" Ye who of late so bright in arms have shone!
" Who long have wielded the triumphant brand,
" And spilt the foe's best blood, and shed your own:—
" Alas! how are your gen'rous hopes o'erthrown!
" For those whom ye from bondage would reclaim,
" Again content beneath the yoke to groan,
" Reap from your aid but slavery and shame,
" Victims of idiot pride and persecuting flame!

XXXVII.

" Return, my Muse, but not thro' fields of death,
" Of spoil and carnage, to pursue thy way;
" Turn from such scenes, and, with thy kindling breath,
" Inspire a nobler warmth than these convey.
" O let that breath each wild desire allay,
" And whilst it wakes the passion to be free,
" Still teach the dauntless spirit to obey,
" Still bid in ev'ry patriot breast agree,
" Valour with social love, and law with liberty.

XXXVIII.

" O Liberty ! how oft thy hallow'd name
" Have Faction and her demagogues profan'd !
" How oft, as if enkindled by thy flame,
" Have anarchy and civil discord reign'd !
" And tyranny and hateful craft enchain'd !
" How oft Rebellion has her flag unfurl'd,
" And of its bravest blood a nation drain'd !
" How oft her bolts has mad Ambition hurl'd,
" And dar'd, beneath thy mask, to desolate a world !

XXXIX.

" Ah ! where that model, 'mid the various forms
" Of civil rule, which policy has plann'd—
" Ah ! where that heart which patriot freedom warms,
" Foes such as these unshaken to withstand ?
" Lo ! what wild uproar reigns ! on ev'ry hand
" What motley hosts contending crowd the stage,
" With passions fir'd by guile, by folly fann'd,
" All swoln with hate, revenge, and party rage,
" All bent unnatural war with Liberty to wage !

XL.

" And let them come: if but as open foes,
" The free-born spirit mocks their fellest hate;
" Are there not breasts still panting to oppose,
" And hearts and hands still prompt to vindicate?
" But where Corruption stealing lies in wait,
" Where Luxury and Idless win their way,
" Soon shall enfeebled fall the proudest state:
" Wealth may, without, a florid bloom display;
" But all, alas! within, is weakness and decay!

XLI.

" Albion! wouldst thou thy foes defeat, watch well
" The traitors to beguile thee who devise:
" Baffle with industry Sloth's baneful spell,
" And Luxury, and all her lures, despise;
" Seek active arts, and deeds of high emprize:
" Then shall Corruption, conquer'd, lick the dust;
" Then bloated Pomp, and all her vanities,
" And all the minions of her pride and lust,
" Shall yield their pow'r to hearts more worthy of thy trust.

XLII.

" But wouldst thou prove as happy as thou 'rt free,
" Let thy sage sons their light of knowledge spread;
" Bid thy fair daughters, (pride of them and thee,)
" The humbler walks of life delight to tread,
" And on their dwellings truth benignly shed;
" And there, while Health and Industry are blent,
" While Freedom is with true Allegiance wed,
" While love and social ties the laws cement,
" Teach that true bliss on earth, is virtue and content."

XLIII.

Touch'd with these truths, from search of civil lore
Awhile did Albert turn his ardent view,
The depths of moral science to explore,
Now bent with toil redoubled to pursue;
As if the fire of Genius fiercer grew,
That fire, enthusiastic child of Fame!
Which thy fond dreams so oft have taught to rue,
Which, while it lights thy eye with brighter flame,
Consumes thy pallid cheek, and wastes thy languid frame.

XLIV.

" To me," he cried, " be life's true knowledge given,
" Then haply I within my sphere may show
" The duties which man owes to man and Heaven,
" And help to fit him for his end below.
" First culture on the mental soil bestow,
" Then fair shall bloom the fruits of liberty;
" Ere yet with freedom's keener heat it glow,
" Let the mind virtuous and enlighten'd be:—
" Who best himself can rule, is worthiest to be free."

XLV.

Warm'd with these thoughts, Albert, with eye intent,
From morn's faint ray, till twilight's fading gloom,
Hung o'er the page profound; but as he leant,
Oft would he wander from the studious theme,
And yield to Fancy's lighter spell, and dream
Of golden days long past, of joys long flown,
But now that at his call returning seem;
Of virtue and of bliss once perfect known
In fair primæval bow'rs, now smiling round his own!

XLVI.

Ah! dream, in truth, of bliss that cannot be,
While Heav'n shall frame its earth-born creature frail;
While, thro' this wide world of uncertainty,
Evil and good, virtue and vice prevail.
And let not Man his checquer'd lot bewail:—
More sweet is pleasure from the smart of pain;
More priz'd is peace, where woes of war assail;
More bright from gloom of grief beams joy again;
More glad the smile of Spring, from Winter's frowning reign.

XLVII.

"Nature! in vain the keenest eye would trace
"Thy mystic maze of moral right and wrong;
"But dull that heart which cannot feel the grace,
"The soft enchantment, which to thee belong:
"Again then let me range thy walks among,
"And mildly charm me with thy morning blush,
"And gently cheer me with thy morning song,
"And with thy soothing eve my sad thoughts hush,
"And with thy cooling gales allay Grief's hectic flush.

XLVIII.

" Ye grots and bow'rs ! deserted seats of love !
" Haunts of my musing in a happier time !
" Ye woods, and vales, and mountain rocks above;
" Where oft at morn and eve I lov'd to climb,
" To list the cadence of the distant chime,
" Or catch the wild sound of the water's fall;
" Ye waves, and sands, and cavern'd cliffs sublime !
" Beauties of earth, wonders of ocean, all,
" What dreams of vanish'd joy, alas ! would ye recall !

XLIX.

" Shall I not rather turn my mournful view
" From scenes, which but the recollection bring
" Of joys for ever fled ? which but renew
" The first keen pang of disappointment's sting?
" Ah ! no :—lov'd scenes ! tho' sore my heart ye wring,
" Still on your sadden'd beauties will I dwell,
" Still to the bliss that ye have witness'd cling,
" Still with my lyre your sorrowing echoes swell,
" And nourish of love's lay the melancholy spell !

L.

" Yet not to Heav'n's dark doom I bend forlorn—
" No; with new zeal will I my harp attune,
" To wake the beauties and the blush of morn,
" To hail the bright magnificence of noon—
" To woo the grace of eve—and when the moon
" Sheds o'er the face of Nature her mild light,
" With thee, O lov'd too dearly—lost too soon!
" Shall Hope and Fancy wing enrapt their flight,
" And with thy spirit range the beaming vault of night.

LI.

" Come peaceful Night!—to me thy darkest shade,
" Thy deepest silence, will no dread convey:—
" To me, when Earth and all her beauties fade,
" What awful splendour does thy gloom display!
" O but for thee, how long in dazzled day
" Had blaz'd the glory of one sun alone!
" O but for thee, how many a star's bright ray
" To mortal eye invisible had shone!
" How many a radiant world had roll'd its course unknown!

LII.

" Lo ! as the heav'ns their ample frame unfold,
" Order how perfect! harmony how grand !—
" Is there a wakeful eye that can behold
" The vast stupendous scheme, and doubt the hand
" That all its wonders, all its glories plann'd ?
" Is there a wakeful heart, so cold and drear,
" That does not at the boundless scene expand ?
" And, touch'd with holy inspiration, rear
" Its hope beyond the bourne of earth's contracted sphere ?

LIII.

" Say, in Man's heart can Heav'n a wish implant,
" That wish with dark despondence but to kill?
" Bid him with thirst of bliss immortal pant,
" The cup of promis'd rapture but to spill ?
" Faultless in all but Man, shall Nature fill
" His frame with reason and with thought, that he,
" Still struggling with unprofitable ill,
" In life his transitory good may see,
" And feel a pang in death from which the brute is free ?

LIV.

" Ah! deem not thus the will of Heav'n unjust,
" Doubt not the ways of Providence are wise:
" Tho' sink this perishable form to dust,
" Its spirit incorruptible shall rise;
" But when in dust its mortal dwelling lies,
" Where then it wanders, wherefore seek to know?
" In bow'rs of lasting bloom, or 'mid the skies,
" Enough for me, if but that spirit go,
" To live and love with those whom it has lov'd below."

LV.

Buoy'd with this hope, a mingled feeling rose,
Fervent, yet calm—which, while it lull'd to rest
The keen despondence of the mourner's woes,
Still fann'd the flame of Genius in his breast,
And urg'd him more to persevere in quest
Of Nature, and the search of lib'ral Art,
Till, richly of their treasur'd lore possess'd,
A portion to his lyre he might impart,
And fire the gen'rous soul, and touch the gentle heart.

LVI.

Vision of fancy! dream of wand'ring thought!—
How oft the dewy promise of the morn,
With light, and grace, and vernal odour fraught,
Is dimm'd by dreary clouds and mists forlorn!—
Son of the Muse! to disappointment born,
How oft thy op'ning prospects fade in gloom!
How oft the wreath that should thy brow adorn,
With all the beauties of thy mental bloom,
Untimely shed their sweets, and wither in the tomb!

LVII.

Albert! while thro' thy veins the life-blood flow'd,
And health again seem'd sparkling in thine eye—
Whilst on thy cheek a blush of vermil glow'd,
That with the blossom of the rose might vie,
I saw beneath that blush the canker lie—
I saw that blush the fever flame betray,
I mark'd the damp cold brow, and shiv'ring sigh,
Just like the changes of an April day,
Now chill'd by Winter's frost, now scorch'd by Summer's ray.

LVIII.

In vain did these sad signs of mortal change
Thy mental labour warn thee to forbear;
In vain thro' Nature's landscape bade thee range,
Or to the margin of her wave repair:—
Alas! amid her loveliest scenes—e'en there
Her cooling breeze that o'er the billow came,
Her lowland zephyr, and her mountain air,
Did but thy spirit brace, and fan the flame
That with intenser thought consum'd thy mortal frame.

LIX.

But who that mark'd thy outward smile alone,
Thy brighten'd eye, and ever-ardent mien,
Thy hour of languor and of pain had known?
Thy sorrow that consum'd within had seen?
E'en I more watchful had deluded been:—
But *She* whom still my secret tears deplore,
She o'er whose memory I love to lean,
She taught, alas! my cheated hope before,
To trust the hollow faith of earth-born joy no more!

LX.

Still lov'd one! is that bliss of mem'ry mine,
Which bids us bear the loss of those most dear;
Which whispers, when in sickness doom'd to pine,
To soothe their pain that we were by to cheer;—
Yes; in thy hour of trial I was near,
Fondly to watch—and pray beside thy bed—
To press thy hand—to dry thy parting tear—
To pillow on my heart thy drooping head—
Hail thy last smile of hope—kiss thy cold cheek when dead!

LXI.

Alas! whate'er for thee I did, in vain,
For Albert with the same fond zeal I strove;
Thy sympathetic heart confess'd its pain,
And sought for consolation from my love;
Thy gentle spirit, like the light-wing'd dove,
Tho' bent to flee away and be at rest,
Still turn'd and linger'd from its bliss above,
To soothe a kindred heart with woe oppress'd,—
More kindly anxious thou to bless than to be blest.

LXII.

His were far other feelings:—he on earth
Had no lov'd object with regret to leave;
What most he once had valu'd there of worth,
Of this dark fate had destin'd to bereave:
To him no more of joy had life to give—
Then wherefore should he mourn to find release
From all its cares and pains? then wherefore grieve,
That soon its long and troubled dream should cease,
And the short sleep of death wake to immortal peace!

LXIII.

Yet it the heart exalted to behold,
As slowly to decay his weak frame bent,
How ev'ry plaint of suff'ring he controll'd,
And patient strove till pain itself was spent;—
To mark, as on eternity intent,
Each look of holy awe and hope resign'd;
To see, as from its mortal element,
Gradually freed, the spirit beam refin'd,
Till all that life had left, seem'd but embodied mind!

LXIV.

Then, Genius, was thy triumph—then the voice
Of Virtue and of Reason whisper'd sweet:
True son of Science and the Muse, rejoice!
Thy task is done—thy trial is complete!
Of Nature gifted, thou, with ardour meet,
To win the meed of knowledge well hast striven,
Improving still, with unabated heat,
The noblest, proudest attribute which Heaven,
To wake immortal hope, to mortal man has given.

LXV.

If brief thy term of life, brief too its ill:
But those bright hours which sorrow could not steal,
With what fair dreams didst thou their sunshine fill!
What rapture to thy hopes did they reveal!—
Ah! who the charm of Fancy that can feel,
Who that aspires the Bard's proud palm to seize,
Who that would nobly toil for human weal,
Would barter hopes, and thoughts, and toils like these,
For a few added years of vain inglorious ease?

LXVI.

Albert, farewell! fast fades thy life away,
As droops yon sun earth's darkling bound below;
But happier thou:—for the sunk orb of day
The same shall rise from darkness, but to throw
His wonted lustre on a world of woe—
While thou, when past death's unreturning night,
When thy imperishable mind shall flow
Back to the Fountain of all life and light—
Thou! in more blissful scenes shalt beam for ever bright!

LXVII.

Albert, farewell—alas! of thee bereft,
Life now for me has little to resign;
Yet while one solace to my grief is left,
Shall I ungrateful to the Muse repine?
That solace, son of Genius, once was thine;
And now, as sadly round thy hallow'd urn,
A wreath (alas, how fading!) I entwine,
To bend to Heav'n thy spirit bids me learn,
And with a Bard's fond hope still to that solace turn.

LXVIII.

Friend of my joys! companion of my woes!
My lov'd and faithful lyre—whose soothing strain
So oft has lull'd my sorrow to repose,
And calm'd my fever'd pulse and throbbing brain,
Still to a heart where warmest passions reign—
Where anxious hope and doubt alternate sway—
Where beat the wild extremes of joy and pain—
Still to my heart thy wonted charm convey,
And cheer my wand'ring steps thro' life's uncertain way.

LXIX.

For 't is perchance my checquer'd doom to mourn
Beneath a load of troubles yet untried;
Tho' my full share already have I borne,
Of heaviest ills that human lot betide,
Smarting for slander'd fame, and wounded pride—
Sick'ning at baffled hope, too prompt to soar—
Sighing for friends whom lurking foes divide—
Weeping for those who lov'd till life was o'er—
Bleeding, alas! for those who live and love no more.

LXX.

These and a thousand pangs that rack the mind,
(Can pain of grosser sense with these compare?)
These with the weight of others' woe combin'd,
Hast thou, my faithful lyre, still taught to bear;
For, when my soul has leant to dark despair,
'T was but my fingers o'er thy chords to fling,
And gloom has fled, and all again been fair—
'T was but to strike howe'er unapt, thy string,
And Hope again has wak'd, to soar on lighter wing.

LXXI.

Nor has the Muse, who first inspir'd my thought
To woo thy spell, a heart unthankful found,
A heart where ev'ry joy by Fancy wrought,
Has danc'd more glad thro' Pleasure's magic round—
A heart, where scarce a wish but has been crown'd,
Where Truth o'er Craft and Malice has enjoy'd
Her triumph—where, with kindred ardour bound,
Friendship has glow'd unchang'd, and love, unclog'd,
Has realiz'd the dream of rapture unalloy'd.

LXXII.

But joy nor woe could in that grateful heart
Its pure devotion to the Muse decrease;
Nor shall it fail to love her witching art,
Till fate from life's last pilgrimage release:
Then soon remembrance of the Bard shall cease—
But if one virtuous deed thy strain inspire,
If to one troubled thought can whisper peace,
And wake of Genius the desponding fire,
Thou haply yet shalt live, my lov'd and faithful Lyre!

NOTES.

NOTES TO PART FIRST.

NOTE I.

" Spirit of lofty Zeal and Fancy warm." *Stanza* 11.

Enthusiasm—vid. Johnson.—" Enthusiasm is more or less an inseparable appendage of the mind of man, which is incapable of any exalted pleasure that charms the soul in its hours of reflection, or brings Beauty to the dwelling of Thought, unless it be enthusiastic."—CLIO.

NOTE II.

" Heav'n's Poet." *Stanza* 15.—Milton.
" Nature's fav'rite Bard." *Ibid.*—Shakspeare.

NOTE III.

" And thou, Enthusiasm, and heav'n-born Genius own!" *Stanza* 17.

In poetry the word Enthusiast has invariably a trisyllabic metre; but Enthusiasm—in itself of unpoetical sound, would be rendered still more so by a similar pronunciation.

NOTE IV.

" When thy rapt gaze the glowing picture caught,
" And on its tints thine eye enchanted hung,
" When with rich harmony the wild harp rung." *Stanza* 25.

Variety of ideas are imprinted on the minds of children; *light* and *colours* are busy at hand every where; *sounds*, and some tangible qualities, fail not to solicit their proper senses.—LOCKE.

NOTE V.

" The forward imp shall Genius aye disclaim." *Stanza* 27.

No forward child, however extraordinary the promise of his childhood, ever produced any thing truly great.—SOUTHEY.

NOTE VI.

" But gradual is the dawn, and the advance,
" Of mental day." *Stanza* 34.

The human genius, with the best assistance and the finest examples, breaks forth but slowly; and the greatest men have but gradually acquired a just taste, and chaste, simple conceptions of beauty.—CLIO.

NOTE VII.

" When random Fancy wanders uncontroll'd,
" And wild Extravagance and Fiction hold
" Of Justness and of Harmony the place." *Stanza* 42.

At an immature age the sense of beauty is weak and confused, and requires an excess of colouring to catch its attention.—This is the childhood of Taste.—CLIO.

NOTE VIII.

" Rous'd by the fancied blast of herald's horn." *Stanza* 44.

Knight-errantry is a kind of delusion, which, though it be fictitious in fact, is true in sentiment: there are few who in their youth, before they be corrupted by the commerce of the world, are not knights-enrrat in their hearts.—CLIO.

NOTES TO PART SECOND.

NOTE I.

" All, all, with joy elate, and flush'd with *esperance*." *Stanza* 5.

——To be worst,
The lowest—most dejected things of fortune,
Stands still in *esperance*, lives not in fear.—SHAKSPEARE, *K. Lear.*

NOTE II.

" Too oft perchance, prolific Fount of Light!
" Warm'd by thy beam, has thriven the baneful weed—
" Too oft, alas! the deadly *Aconite*." *Stanza* 22.

Monkshood.

NOTE III.

" To shed in turn th' amphibious monster's blood." *Stanza* 33.

The otter.—An animal particularly cruel in the pursuit of its prey.

" When the otter has caught a fish, it immediately drags it ashore, and devours the head and upper parts. It has been observed, that the otter kills more fish than he can eat, and then carries off but one in his teeth."—*Nat. Cab.*

NOTE IV.

" Shall pierce, ere sense be fled, the quiv'ring scale." *Stanza* 35.

Alluding to the barbarous custom of *crimping*.

NOTE V.

" And chief enchanted by each noble form,
" Each awful object eager to survey." *Stanza 53.*

The first and noblest source of delight in the works of genius, without competition, arises from the *sublime*; the passion it inspires us with is a mixture of terror, curiosity, and exultation.

CLIO.

NOTE VI.

" 'T was thine, resistless Love, to whose soft chain
" E'en soaring Genius yields his willing wing." *Stanza 59.*

Next to the *sublime*, the passions form the most fruitful source of beauty in the works of genius. Innocent and virtuous love casts a beauteous hue over human nature, &c.—CLIO.

NOTE VII.

" And from the cliff was heard the heath-hounds' yell." *Stanza* 60.

There is a superstitious belief among the peasantry on the northern coast of Cornwall, that, during a storm, the " Prince of Darkness" hunts over the wild commons, above the sea-shore, with large black dogs, which are styled *heath-hounds*.

NOTE VIII.

" Oft bursts the meteor flame where hidden ores abound."

Stanza 71.

Mineral vapours ascend copiously out of our lodes, or veins of metal, and consist of such inflammable parts as to take fire, and appear in flame over the lodes from which they rise; and it is a common opinion, especially with those of more than ordinary speculation, that where flames of light are seen in the night-time, there a prosperous lode lies underneath.—BORLASE's *Ant.*

NOTES TO PART THIRD.

NOTE I.

"Lo! to my search is not the wide world given?" *Stanza* 7.

The desire of travelling is one of the earliest and strongest of genius; "it improves a taste for the best authors of antiquity, by seeing the spots where they lived, and the places of which they wrote."—STEELE.

NOTE II.

"That bent to please—that fond desire of praise." *Stanza* 9.

Ever animated and energetic from the love of fame, which is the inherent passion of genius.—LORD ERSKINE.

NOTE III.

——"Like that bark rever'd,
"Which o'er the billow went." *Stanza* 17.

And the ark went upon the face of the waters.—*Genesis.*

NOTE IV.

"Hail land of Genius! land in truth divine!" *Stanza* 20.

There are so many classical allusions in the following Book, that, to comment on each, would swell the Notes to a greater size than the Poem itself. On this subject, therefore, the Author has abstained from all explanatory remark. To those who are well versed in the history of Greece, it would be unnecessary; to those who are not, it would be uninteresting.

NOTE V.

——" And thou a nobler tribute claim,
" Than my unequal lyre can yield to thee and Fame." *Stanza* 31.

Captain George Bettesworth, who was killed while in command of the Tartar, off Bergen, in Norway. The fate of this gallant officer was particularly affecting. In search of a frigate of superior force, he fell (the only victim in his own ship) by a random shot from a Danish *gun-boat*. Before the age of eighteen, he had received *eighteen* wounds in actions of the most desperate enterprise; at nineteen, he had attained the rank of Post Captain; and at twenty-two, he terminated his brief and distinguished career. The bright naval annals of his country can scarcely produce a parallel of courage and talent so early and so often displayed—of merit so soon and so deservedly rewarded—of high and brilliant hope so unexpectedly, so unfortunately, blighted!

NOTE VI.

——" the lamp of Night
" Shone with the same mild ray as when it gave,
" To guide the wily Greek, its fav'ring light." *Stanza* 50.

Et jam Argiva phalanx instructis navibus ibat
A Tenedo tacitæ per amica silentia lunæ
Littora nota petens.—VIRG. ÆN.

NOTE VII.

" How oft dejected he renounc'd the lyre!" *Stanza* 61.

One of the strongest traits of genius, is a feeling of dissatisfaction, amounting almost to disgust, at the insufficiency of its powers—the imperfection of its works.

NOTE VIII.

" By guardian Genius woo'd, by rival Beauty warm'd." *Stanza* 67.

Adverting to the patronage of Pericles and Aspasia.

NOTE IX.

" Can flow a stream contaminate with gall." *Stanza* 71.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honour'd *fools*.

CHILDE HAROLD.

NOTES TO PART FOURTH.

NOTE I.

" Thou, from whose uncreated Spirit flow
" Virtue and mental light." *Stanza* 36.

Plato, in his description of the Supreme Being, says, " Truth is his body, and light his shadow."

NOTE II.

" Still bid in every patriot breast agree,
" Valour with social Love." *Stanza* 43.

Social passions and affections are those only which command our esteem. Patriotism stands at the head of social affections, and no actions but what proceed from it are termed grand or heroic. It is equally abhorrent of despotism and licentiousness.

LORD KAIMS.

NOTE III.

" Bid thy fair daughters—pride of them and thee." *Stanza* 48.

There is no country in the world where the lower orders have been so generally instructed and civilized by the female sex—by women of virtue and education, as in England.

NOTE IV.

" The duties which man owes to man and Heav'n." *Stanza* 50.

Moral philosophy, says Beattie, has been defined—the science which explains our duty, and the reasons of it; or, more briefly, by Dr. More, " Ars benè beatèque vivendi."

NOTE V.

" And let not man his checquer'd lot bewail." *Stanza* 52.

Fain would I persuade you to think with more equality of nature, and to proportion her defects: pleasure and pain, beauty and deformity, good and ill, are every where interwoven.

LORD SHAFTESBURY.

Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.—MINSTREL.

THE END.

ERRATA.

Part I.

Stanza 12, Page 9, for *the* various mould, read *her* various.

Stanza 25, Page 15, for *enchanting* read *enchanted*.

Stanza 32, Page 19, for *laws* read *law*.

Part II.

Stanza 43, Page 64, an *l* left out in *soul*.

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